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THE LAST RESULTS OF MODERN NATURALISM.

THE grand problem left by the Kantian philosophy for solution was, How can we transcend phenomena, and get a knowledge of what lies behind them? In other words, How can the creation authenticate a Creator? Natural phenomena, says Kant, have no existence out of our own consciousness: we cannot reason from them, for they only give us back ourselves. Any conclusions from them about a God or a spiritual world are empty nothings of our own minds, and answer to no realities. It is not so, he argued, with the moral phenomena of consciousness: from these the Reason has a right to authenticate a God and a supersensible world. Thus he left the Reason dislocated on one side, and like a bird with only one wing attempting to soar from the earth into the heavens.

Fichte, Kant's disciple, saw clearly this hideous dislocation; but, instead of applying some healing remedy on the side where Reason had suffered mutilation, he proceeds straightway to crush the other wing, and leave her fluttering hopelessly upon the ground. Moral phenomena and natural alike are simply states of consciousness which have no representative value: they only give us back ourselves, and correspond to nothing beyond. A Divine Being cogitated as existent beyond ourselves is an empty abstraction, which has no con-

crete reality ; a pale spectre of the mind, conjured up from its subjective fantasies alone.

However, from this stand-point of pure subjective idealism, he said to his audience, one day, "To-morrow I shall create God ;" that is, show the process of the evolution out of man of the Moral Order of the universe, which is the only God there is. This system is not atheism, since man by it does not come short of God, but goes beyond, involves and comprehends him. The less contains the greater, forasmuch as the latter "cannot pretend to near so large a swell."*

What good came of the Fichtean metaphysic? Much, every way, in the estimation of Baur. The subjective "came to its rights," and they could never be lost again. The subject became conscious of his infinity, and this consciousness henceforth could never vanish away. It remained for the coming philosopher to bring the Objective to its rights also, which Fichte had failed to do. In plain English, Fichte had shown that *man is infinite*; and it remained for philosophy to restore God to his rights, and show that he is infinite as well. Of course, this was very considerate on the part of philosophy.

The coming philosopher was not far off. FREDERICK WILLIAM JOSEPH VON SCHELLING was a pupil of Fichte; was his ardent admirer and intimate friend. The pupil excelled the master in poetic genius, brilliant imagination, and range of thought; neither could be excelled in originality, and boldness of speculation. Schelling was born in 1775, studied at Leipsic and Jena, was a pupil of Fichte in the latter University, and succeeded his master as professor there. In 1820 he delivered lectures in the University at Erlangen, and in 1827 was appointed professor in the University at Munich. The profundity of his learning vied with the brilliancy of his genius. His influence on the course of thought, religious as well as philosophical, was very great, not only in Germany, but throughout Protestant Christendom. Cousin studied him,

* This is Henry James's pungent criticism upon Schelling, but has only a rightful application to Fichte.

and borrowed from him largely: indeed, Cousin's eclecticism is little more in its vitalizing principle than Schelling reproduced. That principle is THE INTUITIONAL METHOD, claiming that God is revealed immediately, and not mediately, in the human soul. The mystics had asserted this vaguely and dreamily: Schelling puts it into the formulas of philosophy. It was the only possible method that remained of breaking out of the magic circle in which Kant's metaphysics, supplemented by Fichte, had imprisoned the human faculties; the only possible way of escape from Kant's island girded by foggy and impassable seas. We escape not by crossing the seas, but by desperately ballooning the heavens beyond the clouds.

"The rosy morning of a new-risen day had broken," exclaims Baur, rising to an unwonted rapture, "when Schelling from his stand-point, strongly and absolutely gained, could proclaim in these beautiful, inspired words, — 'The Past has again opened; the eternal fountains of Truth and Life are again accessible; the Spirit dares to rejoice again, and free and bold in the eternal stream of Life and Beauty to play.'"

The fundamental principle of the philosophy which ushers in the new-born day is — THE IDENTITY OF SUBJECT AND OBJECT; in plain English, the identity of God and man.* Fichte brought the subjective to its rights, by making man infinite. Schelling does the same for the objective, making God infinite as well. But that there cannot be two infinities is plain enough, and this objection is voided by the doctrine that God and man in essence are one and the same. Within all phenomena, whether of man or nature, there is only one essence, — which is God; and in this all difference and manifoldness are merged and disappear. This one essence becomes phenomenal in the world and in humanity. A God abstract and lifeless is no God: if he is bare unity, he must be of necessity without revelation. Hence in the one Divine essence is involved a necessary life-process by which the One

* Baur's *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. iii. p. 808.

shall become many, the infinite finite, the indifferent pass into endless difference and multiplicity. But in their inmost nature the world and humanity merge in one essence, and become identical with God. The manifold, the differentia, are phenomena; but within these is the one Noumenon which alone is real, and that is the Absolute, or God himself.

How this differs from Spinoza except in forms of statement, it would be difficult, we think, to define; but in method Schelling is magnificently original. No one before ever scaled such heights as he. Swedenborg is left below at an unfathomable distance. Other seers have gazed on the nearer and more transparent symbols of the Divine Centre: Schelling gets above and within all symbol, and beholds the naked essence of God.

Schelling's Christology is auxiliary to his philosophy. He affirms and emphasizes the Church doctrine of the Deity of Christ. It belongs to the life-process of the Divine Nature that God should become man: from eternity there was this potency in him; and this became fact in the appearance of Jesus Christ in time. Christ is, as the Church affirms, very God and very man; not a merely endowed or inspired man, but the incarnation of the Divine Essence itself, identical with God in the inmost substance of his being. Having affirmed this doctrine of the Church in lofty phrase, he proceeds straightway to discharge it of all special significance, except so far as it deifies all men and makes them Christs. Christ is the typical God-man, revealing and making conspicuous from a lofty height the truth that God is human, not as revealed in one man, but in all humanity. God becomes man, not specially and individually, but in the whole race taken in the aggregate; and Christ is on that high place in history where this fact is made patent and sure, henceforth to pass as a great truth into the consciousness of universal man. Only in humanity as a whole, God comes to *actual existence and personality*, not exclusively in Christ as a single historic individual; for what pertains to him as God-man must be made over to the race, and shared by all mankind. "In the consciousness of the oneness of God and man, theology and

philosophy have their common central point: what the doctrine of Christ is for theology, the idea of a Divine Humanity is for philosophy, and in this has its concrete and intensive significance.”*

Having thus come to the result that Christ is God, and that all men are Christs, and in their inmost essence therefore identical with God, it hence becomes plain how we are to transcend phenomena, and cognize God in his unveiled and naked substance. It is by sinking back into ourselves. The philosopher who can dive deep enough into himself will come to this Divine essence in which God, man, and nature are one and the same, and in which all difference disappears in identity. This is done, says Schelling, by a faculty in man, which is *presentative* of God, and not representative. This is none other than the faculty of intuition; or, since that word has been put to most discreditable use, we retain Schelling's original expression,—the faculty of INTELLECTUAL VISION (*intellectuelle Anschauung*). By this, man apprehends the One Absolute and Unconditioned in the awful presence chamber, where there is no veil, nor symbol, nor representative. By this, he comes to the very centre of Absolute Being,—with which he is himself, in fact, identified,—soaring beyond sense, beyond phenomena, beyond the finite, beyond appearances with their lying shows and seemings, into the very bosom of the Infinite itself. Hence the new currency given by Schelling to the intuitional philosophy, so called, whose reasonings and phraseology have flooded English and American religious literature to the present time. Knowing God by inward revelations which supersede the Christ and his word; seeing him by an inward eye; prophesying out of one's self, with a contempt of all traditions; being your own Christ, and making your own Bibles, and becoming acquainted at first hand with Deity,—are processes, which, though they do not originate with Schelling, yet date from him anew, and get fresh currency and inspiration from his doctrine of intellectual vision.

* *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. iii. pp. 815, 816.

But a difficulty arises. Schelling was too much of a philosopher not to see that this realm of the infinite, or of absolute identity, where God and man merge into one essence, falls not on the same side as the human consciousness. The human consciousness falls on the side of the finite, the differentia, the manifold; for we are conscious only as we find ourselves differenced from something which is not ourselves. Consciousness in man is what gives him individuality and selfhood, and so limits and sets him off from something about him, above him, and beyond him. It is the compass that sharply finites and bounds him. To say, then, that man can be conscious of the Divine essence is the most palpable of all contradictions; for it is saying no less than that the finite can transcend, involve, and contain the infinite. Schelling sees and frankly acknowledges all this; and so he contends that this presentation of God to the human faculties is not within the region of consciousness, but above and beyond it. Man has the power of sinking away into himself,—within the region of consciousness, and transcending its limits,—into that realm of absolute identity, where the nature of Deity, as he exists *in se*, is at last unveiled. In this stupendous and awful introversion, we die, as it were, to consciousness, and rise into the realm of the unconscious, the absolute, and the eternal. “We awaken,” says Schelling, “from the intellectual vision as from a state of death: we awaken by reflection; that is, through a compulsory return to ourselves.”*

The plain question to be put to Schelling, after all such philosophizing, manifestly is, If this finding of God is only to be had in a realm where you have taken leave of your consciousness, please condescend so far to our English common-sense as to tell us how you and the rest of us are made any wiser for it. How, in a state of unconsciousness, can you take any notes of your discoveries, and report them to us when you come back to consciousness again? Allowing it to be possible for your presentative faculty to give God to you

* In Fichte's Phil. Journ. vol. iii. p. 214, quoted by Sir W. Hamilton: Discussions on Philosophy, American edition, p. 29.

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Hurled from our dizzy height, we thus get back to the exact place we started from. We are still imprisoned within phenomena, on Kant's island girded by fog, after ballooning the skies in vain.

Hegel, like Schelling, asserts "the identity of contradictions," of the infinite and finite, of subject and object, of man and God; but he rejects Schelling's process of intuition, and climbs up to the infinite by a logical ladder. He merges both subject and object in the one ideal Absolute, which has an eternal circular motion, and, like the river Niger on the old maps, is for ever flowing, and for ever emptying back into itself. Hegel and Schelling were cotemporaries. Hegel derided the intellectual vision of Schelling, and Schelling derided the logic of Hegel. Both have the same Christology; making God man, and man God, not in the individual Christ of past history, but in all humanity through the endless ages. God is always becoming man, and this is his egress out of himself into the finite. Man is always becoming God, and this is his regress back into the infinite. This is the life-process of God; the great current of being, as it goes round and round in its everlasting sweep; the ocean-tide that always sets from the poles to the tropics, and back again from the tropics to the poles. In its egress towards the finite, it first comes to self-consciousness in man; and, in its regress to the infinite, it sweeps man back into the unconscious All. In plain English, there is no Divine Being, out of man and above him, who has conscious existence; but he only comes to self-consciousness and self-knowledge in the individuals of the human race. This great whole, which is

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called the Absolute One, is thus ever begetting children, seeing itself and knowing itself in their consciousness as in a mirror, and then breaking the mirror, and devouring its children up. The Absolute, however, is only real; the finite, the manifold, the visible, is apparent, illusive, and negative: and we, poor wretches who are to be swallowed up in turn by this Great Saturn of philosophy, may console ourselves with the reflection that we never really existed, — we were only some of Kant's phenomenal apparitions, phantasmic, and depleted of all substance; and that, when Saturn devours us up, he will only eat ghosts and ideas, and not men and women who are flesh-and-blood realities.*

But we have not yet come to the last results of the new philosophy. Both Schelling and Hegel are getting out of fashion in Germany, though the intuitional method which the former inaugurated is still the favorite one, both in England and America, with those whose inward beholdings supersede the necessity of all external authority and revelation. But a new star has now risen; and, under its culminating splendor, Philosophy plays a fresh tune upon its organ. Arthur Schopenhaur just now holds the charmed ear of the listeners; and his system, as it verges towards sheer Positivism, and finally merges in it, may be taken as the next offspring of the Kantian metaphysics, and the next logical result of an exclusive naturalism.

No name at this moment, we are told, is in such high repute as that of SCHOPENHAUR, among those who had basked in the illuminism of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. His disciples are trying to manipulate his system; but no disciple as yet supersedes this great master — we had like to have written, this Great Bear — of German metaphysics. He was

* We have not read Sterling's "Secret of Hegel," — a late English work. The secret is an open one, and it is the baldest pantheism. Baur was an Hegelian, as enthusiastic as his cold nature would allow; and we have small faith that any Englishman has wormed out the secret of Hegel, which was concealed from his own countrymen of spiritual kith and kin. It should be said, however, that the German followers of Hegel divide into two wings: one affirming an individual, personal immortality, and a conscious, intelligent First Cause; the other stoutly denying these doctrines.

born in Dantzic in 1788, and died about five years ago. We have not read any of his writings, and so have not been wrought upon by the awful lure of their weird and midnight glare and coruscations. We had seen but meagre accounts of him, till we read Dr. Hedge's article, keenly discriminative, and vastly rich and entertaining, contained in the "Christian Examiner" for January, 1864.

He had the largest brain of his century, and the skulls of common men looked like those of boys in comparison. His learning was immense. He had been an attendant on Fichte's lectures, but soon manifested a sovereign contempt for their abstractions; and, when Schelling and Hegel were in the flood-tide of their popularity, Schopenhaur was abusing and denouncing them: and he laughed a laugh of scorn at their fantastic leaps and somersets to clear Kant's magic circle, and get beyond phenomena to the essence of things. As they talked about "the Absolute," and "the identity of subject and object," he would growl forth the criticism, "I hear the clatter of the mill, but I see no meal."

His distinctive views are shortly summed up, as we gather them from Dr. Hedge's exposition. He accepts with grim resignation the prison-house of sense, and the fog-begirt island to which the Kantian metaphysic had remanded us. We know nothing, except what we get from sensible experience; and any beliefs which transcend this experience have no scientific basis whatever. But, like Kant, he acknowledges that there is something behind sensible apparition,—the *Dinge-an-sich*, or some reality which Kant declared unknown and unknowable. To this, Schopenhaur gives the name of WILL; and he claims this as his immortal discovery. But to this Will he allows neither intelligence nor consciousness. It is a blind, dumb Force, out of which all visible things get envisaged and evolved. All that is individual and manifold, whether the flower in the field, or man and woman, is thrown out from this unconscious force, and dies back into it again. Only when this Force produces a brain, only when it rolls through animals and men, does it attain to consciousness and intelligence. Back into this Force all differentia

and manifoldness run and converge, like radii, to a common centre. When it gets individualized in a brain, it takes on the functions of mind, thought, feeling, consciousness; but, the functions of the brain ceasing, mind, thought, feeling, consciousness, cease also. Back of this blind Force there is nothing, — no God nor soul nor immortality; for these, as Kant had shown them, are baseless nothings, which have no authentication from phenomena, and can have no impletion from experience. This differs from Schelling and Hegel, inasmuch as it has an earthly realism and a grim simplicity, and less "clatter of the mill" that furnishes material for bread which, like hungry men, we only eat in dreams. With them, the immortal hope of humanity exhales, and goes out in a spectral idealism; with this, it swamps in mud and mire. But this is the philosophy whose meridian star just now is shedding its lurid lustre, this the naturalism developed outside the Christian revelation, and this the dismal wail of its gospel of Despair.*

How Herbert Spencer's system, when stripped to the core, differs from this in any respect which a Christian man would care a ducat for, we do not yet see. His unconscious Force plays the same rôle as Schopenhaur's Will in the evolution of phenomena, and carries us up to no infinite presiding intelligence. The Positivism of M. Comte is not far off, who acknowledges nothing beyond phenomena, and accepts the eternal solitudes of Kant's fog-begirt island as the sorrowful doom of human nature. We have nothing to worship but humanity, as we know it in its historic sweep over this visible

* If Schopenhaur's doctrine is correct, the wisdom of Anaxagoras must be unlearned. Intelligence has nothing to do with either the creation or the conduct of things, beyond the narrow sphere of animal life, where it serves the unfortunate victims of that doom to light up their misery. Thought is not needed, and does not appear until the universe is all complete. Then, from a lump of gray pulp in the hollow of a bone, emerges — the Light of the world! Christianity says, "In the beginning was the Word," — intelligence co-ordinate with being. Schopenhaur's doctrine says, "In the end was the Word." Intelligence is the supplement of being, a kind of "æolian attachment," not at all essential to the working of the instrument, but varying a little the dull performance, where performer, instrument-maker, and instrument, are one. — *Dr. Hedge.*

stage of being. We can affirm no cause beyond phenomena. Cause is only one phenomenon preceding another; and the law of succession is all we can seek in the changes of this ever-shifting panorama. Around, we are bounded by sense; before and after, we are bounded by history. Whenever we try to pierce these barriers, we only shriek into an awful chasm, to hear our own voices come back and mock us with lonely echoes.*

From our rapid survey, the reader will judge whether, in the Cambridge address, we "fought a phantom;" and whether naturalism, as such, in those who most ably represent it, has as yet manifested any constructive power. As the complement of the supernatural, it is preparing the basis, deep, broad, and impregnable, of a system of faith more reasonable and comprehending than the Church has ever acknowledged; and it has sapped the foundation of her hoary superstitions. That the point is not far distant, but almost in sight even now, where both shall be reconciled, there is much reason to believe; but they will not be reconciled till each accepts the other in cordial fellowship, and each takes from the other what is painfully wanting in itself. That a naturalism which leaves out one high range of fact,—the central facts of revelation, or what is the same,—turns them into myths, and so abandons Christianity as one of the effete superstitions of the past, will run into Pantheism as surely as water runs down hill; and that a supernaturalism which is not constantly corrected and ventilated by scientific discovery and induction through the realms of both mind and matter, will run into fantasy as surely as smoke rises upward,—are propositions which we think the history of opinions has most abundantly verified through eighteen hundred years.† s.

* See John Stuart Mill's Exposition of Comte.

† We are aware that the word "Naturalism," as we apply it, includes what goes under the name of *rationalism* as well; but, as we regard the Christian revelation as the very highest rationalism,—without which, in fact, we break down into the most wild and foolish *irrationalism*,—we think it wrong to abandon the use of so good a word to indeterminate speculation.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XLIV.

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ MIT FRIEDE.

Up, up, my heart, with gladness
Receive this wondrous sight !
God bids the gloom and sadness
Break up in glorious light.
My Saviour's bed was made
Where I, too, shall be laid,
When once the spirit freed
Shakes off all earthly need.

The tomb is closed around him,
'Mid shouts of wild disdain ;
But scarce his foes have bound him,
When Christ walks free again.
Forth comes he from the dead,
With victor-banner spread ;
And they who saw him die
Now hallelujah cry.

If Hell its whole crew rallies
To rave and threat and stare,
I mock at all their malice, —
They cannot crisp a hair.
The might of death meanwhile
I meet as with a smile ;
And all that makes afraid
Is but a shape of shade.

Now let the rough world hate me,
And threat to work me woe,
And strip and desolate me ;
Then taunting, leave me so.
Now troubles trouble nought,
In look or heart or thought ;
Misfortunes fortune seem,
And night is noontide beam.

My being he embraces,
 As body nurtures limb;
 And, through whatever places,
 He bears me still with him.
 Now no world's want is found,
 And sin and death lie bound:
 Secure in his defence
 I drive all terrors hence.

He brings me to the portal
 That opens into bliss;
 Where, graved in words immortal
 This golden Scripture is:
 The scorned for my sake there
 My glory here shall share;
 They wear my crown and wreath
 Who went with me to death.

N. L. F.

 XLV.

JESUS CHRISTUS, UNSER HEILAND.

CHRIST, the Saviour, our Prince all-hailed,
 Who gloriously prevailed,
 Is now uprisen,
 Delivered from death's prison.
 Praise ye the Risen One!

He who was free from all sin-stain
 Bore for us blows and pain:
 That mediation
 Brought us God's exaltation.
 Praise ye the Risen One!

Jesus reigns through Him of all might,
 Awaked from grave and night;
 He's life unending
 To all on him attending.
 Praise to the Risen One!

N. L. F.

THE BODY THAT SHALL BE.

Some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain (it may chance),—of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.—1 Cor. xv. 35–38.

If we read St. Paul rightly, he here expounds the truth, that the human soul hereafter, as well as now, is to be *invested with a body*, through which it is to perceive, and through which it is to operate. Before attempting to follow what we understand to be his statement, into any of its details or results, we would suggest one or two considerations going to establish its antecedent probability.

And, in the first place, does it not seem to be altogether too great a step for the soul to take at once upon the scale of being, to divest itself of all connection with matter, with which, from the first of its conscious existence, its associations have been so intimate and manifold, and, from depending on a material mechanism so entirely for both its active and passive communications with the outward world, to arrive in the transformation of a moment, at a complete resemblance of the infinite Being in the great attribute which we are accustomed so to venerate in him,—that of the pure spirituality, the immateriality of his essence? Granting even that a complete separation from body were at some time to be the destiny of the human soul,—a point which we are not now disputing, though we apprehend it would be easy to show the improbability that that distinction between the infinite and finite beings is ever to be done away,—still does it conform to the analogy of nature that a change so great should be a change so sudden? Are not the most important processes of nature for the most part much more gradual,—carried on, it is true, not solely by slow and imperceptible advances, but by these mingled and alternating with occasional rapid and conspicuous transitions from one to another stage in the pro-

gress,—yet still transitions not violent, nor embracing so wide a range, in any instance known to us, as would justify us in supposing it to be conformable to the course and principles of the divine administration, that, in any instance not known to us, so immense a transformation—development it could not be fitly called—should be assigned to a single point of time?

Again: so vast an immediate change as that of the dismissal of body from the spirit's fellowship will seem to us the more improbable, when we consider with how great a sacrifice of the benefits of past success in acquisition, and experience in action, it would necessarily be accompanied. As far as we are authorized to judge of the design of Providence regarding such operations, its plan seems to be, to give to every being capable of improvement aids, in the acquisitions which it has already made, for the enlargement of those acquisitions; to afford it, so to speak, in its past experience, a ground to stand upon, from which to seize what it is still reaching for beyond. It would be bold to say, that the soul might not learn in time to do without any material organization in any degree resembling that to which it is here attached; but, in the absence of any Scriptural authority to plead for the idea, would it not be as bold to affirm, that it was, all at once, to be stripped of all such organization, when with the use of such the whole of its past experience and discipline had been most intimately allied? If we believed such a consummation to be ultimately in reserve for it, would not the spirit of God's government, as far as we may reverently judge of this from its analogies, lead us to believe that it was a consummation to be brought about, not by one change, but by a succession of changes? Would not the contrary supposition imply, that the soul was, at the death of the present body, to begin all its discipline anew from the very elements: that it was to be placed in circumstances so radically different—to be introduced to a mode, we do not say of external, but of spiritual being, so utterly unlike what it had previously known,—as to involve an absolute forfeiture of the benefits of its past experience, as much as if it should lose its consciousness of having lived before?

And, then, to what purpose this earthly life as a term of education for the soul? What would it have learned in its earlier life, to prevent it from being utterly incompetent and at a loss as far as regarded future action?

We might multiply such considerations; but enough has perhaps been said to prepare us to receive St. Paul's declaration on the subject, as favored by those notices of reason—insufficient, no doubt, unless revelation aided them—to which we may have recourse. We understand the apostle to say, in the first place,—in the passage under consideration,—that the soul, in its future state, is to be *clothed with a body*. To some one whom he supposes asking, as if there were argument in the question, with *what* body it would come, he gives a full reply, maintaining that the fact that the departed soul would require a different corporeal habitation from what it had on earth, does not prove that it will have no corporeal habitation whatever; and going on to specify some difference of qualities between the earthly and the heavenly body, and to point to some analogies of nature to show that the doctrine need occasion no surprise, as if it implied any thing which either transcended God's power or was remote from his common modes of operation. All his language here implies, proceeds upon, and illustrates the idea, that hereafter, as well as here, a fit corporeal mechanism is to be the instrument of the soul's instruction and action. We would not be presumptuously adventurous in endeavors to assign the reasons why God should thus link souls to bodies; but perhaps it may not be thought so to suggest, in a passing word, that, by means of attaching every finite spirit—if so it be—to some form of matter appropriate to its destined extent and mode of activity, God prescribes to it those limits in the universe through which it shall range. A spirit compelled to act—when it acts at all,—through some material mechanism, whose laws of place it must respect, can never become a mere unrestricted, unprofitable wanderer through space; can never be absent from that post of duty which the universal Disposer, in his wise arrangement of all labors and provision for all designed results, has appointed to be its province.

St. Paul says very distinctly, in the second place, that the heavenly habitation of the soul is not to be *metaphysically the same* with that in which it has dwelt on earth. The extraordinary fiction of many theologians to the contrary of this is encumbered with all sorts of difficulties. Whoever maintains their view, must find an answer to the question, which of the bodies that a man has worn on earth is to be reunited with him in the future world? for, in the course of a long life, every atom of the physical conformation has been repeatedly renewed. Is the body to be raised the same which was laid in the grave? but that was disfigured by violence, perhaps, or by the distortions or emaciation of sickness. Is it the body which the man first assumed on earth? but this was not a full growth. And, again, how should either the first or the last represent the man more justly than the body of some intervening period? And, if a body could be the subject of approbation or blame, what had either to do with acts of obedience or disobedience committed in the meridian of life; or how was the body of that age responsible for the conduct of either of the others? To suppose all the corporeal substance which had ever belonged to the same man to be restored to him in the future life, to make his body, would be another obviously untenable supposition. And, to propose but one more suggestion of the kind, where numbers will readily occur, it is in the evident course of nature that the same particles should at different times make parts of different, and, it may well be, of numerous human bodies. But it is enough to say, that Scripture has nowhere said that the same body which we have used in this life is to be restored to us beyond this life. So far from it, that, in the only passage in which the subject is expressly treated, the contrary is expressly affirmed. The real and important connection of affinity and succession which does exist in every instance between the earthly and the heavenly body, we conceive to be illustrated, not only in the most striking, but in the most complete and exact manner, in the passage which is now before us. You ask, says St. Paul, how dead men are raised up, and with what body they come. Take the answer

from those annual visible processes of the vegetable creation, which the same God who will raise the dead overrules. You scatter the seed over the ground. So God sows his field, the earth, with human life. Every one of the seeds you scatter is then an organized body, with the principle of vegetable vitality enclosed within it. So every man is a living being, according to the laws of his place in the system of nature. When that seed has been cast upon the ground, it must — as to the life it has hitherto had — die, before another life can rise out of it. Its former organization is deranged; its vital motions cease; its substance, as you have hitherto seen it, is corrupted and decomposed; and then there arises out of it a germ, which, had you sought for it ever so carefully before, you could not, in many instances, have detected, and which begins a new life out of the bosom of the ruin. So, too, he continues, man, the seed of the immortal growth, dies, and another life forthwith springs from his decay. To trace this part of the analogy into the strictest details of which it is susceptible, would perhaps be to go beyond the apostle's purpose; but, on the other hand, if it is certain that the minute germ enveloped in the acorn is the same formation which, under the right influences and with the fit accessories, stretches out into the massy height and breadth of the future oak, who shall venture to say that a particle of matter, not the less material for not being visible, — who shall say that an infinitesimal, wafted upwards on the last breath of the expiring man, — may not be the germ of his better life, which God, surrounding it with the fit influences, will expand with the needed properties of his future being? God causes to rise, the language continues, from every seed a growth which has an affinity with itself, so that a seed of wheat never sends up a stalk of barley. "God giveth it a body as it has pleased him, and to every seed his own body." Do not think that he will be at a loss to establish a like or a stricter identity of nature and succession between the mortal being who dies, and the immortal who succeeds to him. Do not suppose, that, because the immortal nature must be different in some of its properties from the mortal, therefore no immortal nature is

to be looked for. God can, and does, distribute matter into various forms. All animal matter which we see here, for instance, is, in one sense, the same substance; in another, it is not the same, but different substances. "All flesh," though it bears one common name, "is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of man, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds;" and, if organizations of matter connected with sensitive life admit of such various characters as we see they do, what hinders that there should be yet other varieties which we do not see? what hinders that there should be other forms of flesh as different, or more so, from that of man on earth, as is the latter from the flesh of beasts, birds, and fishes? It is, in fact so, he continues: "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial;" that is, bodies for glorified men in heaven, as well as for frail men on earth. He is not speaking here, as is commonly thought, of the heavenly luminaries. He draws, it is true, an illustration from them in the context, as he had just done from the different conformation of different earthly animals: but he has not as yet arrived at that topic; and, besides, the phrase "heavenly bodies" for heavenly luminaries is hardly Greek. There are, says Paul, celestial, heavenly bodies for men, as well as bodies terrestrial, — those which are earthly, visible, and known. But the celestial body, though it succeeds to the terrestrial, and has a divinely established and unchangeable affinity with it, still is not the same. "The glory" — that is, excellence — "of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." Their properties are different. "Flesh and blood" — a material organization in the gross form in which we see it belonging to the human being — "cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." So that, though not every human being will die, — for there will be one living generation at the time of the consummation of earthly things, spoken of by Paul in another place (1 Thess. iv. 13-18), — all, without exception, must be changed, in order that, by the common method of death, — or by another, as the case may be, — "this

corruptible" may, for every man, "put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality."

As a man, then, when he throws a seed upon the ground, sows not that identical body which is to be, but something which, as to its present organization, must be deranged, — as to its present life, must corrupt and die, — before a better life lodged secretly in it — its most vital part — can be developed out of it; and as the life which succeeds, while it has vastly more expansion and vigor than the mass from which it sprang, — while it is as different from it as a firm trunk and waving branches are from an almost invisible seed, — has yet an essential affinity with it, so that every seed develops its own appropriate body, and no other: so it is with that seed of human life which God has scattered over the earth. What is mortal of it dies, and then a germ it bore springs up into another life, closely kindred with it, but having higher properties, making it as different, or more so, from the mortal being it sprang from, as the vegetable plant is from the seed which was the root of its vitality. Higher properties, we say; and that brings us to the third particular to which we wish to call attention in St. Paul's statement. The future material organization attached to the soul is to be of *capacities superior to the present*. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body," — that is, a body fit for the purposes of the animal, earthly life; "it is raised a spiritual body," — that is, a body fit for the uses of the advanced and glorified spirit.

In endeavoring to follow out the brief hints of St. Paul into a very few particulars, we would not be understood as presuming to add, from mere conjecture, to the representations which he has given; but only as desirous to draw from his general expressions some part of the specific meaning which, by easy and safe interpretation, they are to be understood to imply. One thing he has told us plainly enough: that "this corruptible is to put on incorruption, and this mortal to put on immortality;" that the future material

organization of the soul, though it may, it is probable, undergo other changes,—at least we know, and can suppose nothing reasonably to the contrary—is never again to undergo the change which we call death; that is, a complete derangement of its structure and cessation of its functions. Death, as a part of the system of human life, has its vast uses, which no reflecting man can overlook; but it seems they are uses which do not need to be served more than once in the endless progress of the moral being. The other expressions of St. Paul are less definite; but still they are by no means without an intelligible force, authorizing conclusions of an interesting nature to be derived from them. The ground which he affords us to build upon is, that “dishonor” is to be succeeded, in that transition, by “glory;” or that, in all properties which make the excellence of a material organization, the future body is to be more honorable, more glorious, better endowed, than the present; and more particularly, that “weakness” is to give way to “power,” or that the future clothing of the soul is to be such as will make it capable of much more efficient action. Proceeding upon these grounds, and looking at what the human body, as we know it, lacks of attributes which belong to its best excellence, and at what the soul misses, in the mortal body, of desirable resources for the exertion of its own power, we must come with greater or less confidence to such conclusions as these, among others;—that the glorified body, as it is no subject of death, will be exempt, too, from the infirmities which lead to death; that, being a more complete organization, it will be little, or not at all, subject to fatigue, and accordingly will not need to be refreshed by any repose like that to which we are compelled to resort in our present condition, accompanied with long inaction, and divested of intelligent consciousness. An imperfection of the present body is its feebleness in respect to accomplishing results, as well as to sustaining exertion; and this, as has been observed, is one of the particulars of imperfection which we are expressly told are to be provided for in the change which awaits the good,—“that which is sown in weakness is to be raised in power.” Restriction to a very

confined sphere of action is another imperfection of it; and this, as well as its inactivity within that sphere—which is yet another—is incident to that feebleness on the one hand which has just been mentioned, and, on the other, to the cumbrous, heavy grossness of that bodily organization through which the soul now acts. A leading particular, in which the body “sown in dishonor” will be seen to be “raised in glory,” would be presented, if it should acquire in its altered state a lightness and activity admitting of its rapid transfer to different places. As to beauty, we will not speak any further than to ask, whether the satisfaction of happy spirits in society might not be thought to be fitly promoted, if the internal purity they contemplated in each other were imaged by the symmetry and brightness of the external form? But again, as to a question which bereaved affection often asks with the profoundest feeling, who shall say that the departed are not near us, merely because we do not see them to be near? Visibility—that is, the capacity of being perceived by rude human optics—is by no means a property of matter, but only of matter in its grosser forms. Light, according to the old theory at least, is matter in one of its fluid states; but, of course, invisible itself, because it is the medium of vision. Atmospheric air is matter, and that in no very subtle form. It can even be weighed; and yet it cannot be seen, except in masses at a distance from the eye. Without undertaking, then, to weigh probabilities on the subject, we ask, merely, what weight can be allowed to the testimony of sense, that they whom we call the departed are not still by our side? That which was “sown a natural body” is now “raised a spiritual body.” That which was “sown in dishonor” has been “raised in glory,”—in superior excellence. If it pleased God, as not improbably it might,—though we do not now enter into that question,—that the scene of part of the future action of the “immortal dead” should be the same to which they had been already used, yet that their agency should not, by being manifest to the view, derange the orderly progress of human affairs, then, since the excellence of any instrument consists in adaptation to its purpose,

doubtless a superior excellence of the glorified body would be found in its being able, through the delicacy of its conformation, to do its work free from the cognizance of the human senses; and, accordingly, it could not reasonably be maintained that those most living beings whom we call the dead are not even now in the midst of their former friends and haunts, merely because we do not see their movements, nor hear their steps or their flight.

We would say a few words before concluding, in a connection which the view that has been presented has with the endless progress of the soul. Who will say that this immortal soul has even now no capacities beyond what the material structure, that now serves it, provides it opportunity to exert? To confine the question to a narrower range, who will undertake to affirm that the human spirit is abstractly and essentially incapable of receiving *other knowledge* from outward nature, through perception of its phenomena, than what it now receives through the five channels of the bodily frame, which we call its senses? We cannot, it is true, conceive of a sixth sense: we have no notion of any other channel of knowledge than those with which experience has made us acquainted. But how much does that prove to the purpose? No more can the born blind or deaf conceive of the fifth sense in which we excel him. Couch the cataract which has obscured the eye from infancy, and the soul does not come into the possession, but into the use, of another, and, by itself, hitherto unconceived capacity. The capacity was there before, as safely lodged and as fully formed as in any other soul; and, as soon as the needful material instrumentality is given, it pries into a whole new world of knowledge. Is it in any degree unnatural to suppose, that the more complete—the glorified—body will be fitted in just such ways to improve the soul's condition; not giving it new capacities indeed, but giving it opportunity not yet possessed to exercise and develop those which now lie in it dormant, and so introducing it to new sources of knowledge and forms of action? What a vast progress would the mind make, the moment that, without any change in itself, it should only be

endowed with the corporeal machinery of another sense of as much worth as those we now enjoy, — a progress to be measured not merely by the amount of the acquisition of a whole new department of ideas, but by the added and much larger acquisition of ideas arising out of comparisons and combinations of these with the stores of ideas already possessed ! What better use for a better body than we now have could there be, than in such a development of the mind ? and what more likely conjecture than that, in such ways among others, the mind's endless progress is to be furthered, — leaving its substance unchanged, while the difference of means, afforded in the better structure of its material instrument, successively developed its resources ? And when a sixth sense should have been given, why no more ? Would it be any more certain then than it is now, that the soul has in itself no more capacities for communing with the outward world ? or would the existence of such be any more to be denied, because it is inconceivable, than the existence of a fifth sense is to be denied, because he who has it not can only conceive of four ? And who will say that God cannot break down, one after another, obstructions in the way of the mind's various search of knowledge, by investing it, if we may so speak, with a more transparent, a more permeable, bodily form ? And who, in a word, can say where a progress carried on in this simple way would have to stop, its resources being exhausted, or its varieties all attained ?

There remains a vastly comprehensive topic on which we shall not enter, — that of the influence of better corporeal *powers of action* on the future education and progress of the soul ; a topic certainly not less important than that of the influence of its better capacities, enlarged through the same means, for perception, — for the acquisition of truth. It should doubtless be with any thing rather than confidence, that we speculate on the mysteries of future human being ; but, while particulars in such a matter strike different minds differently, we are persuaded that, essentially, the views which have been presented have a warrant in the words of the great apostle. And certainly every thing may be said to

have its use, which leads us to view that future world, whither every one of us is so fast travelling, in the light of clearness and reality. We suppose every thoughtful person may see cause to own, that there is a theme for very various and very exciting contemplation in the doctrine, — subordinate as it is, no doubt, to that of the soul's immortality, — that as there is an earthly, so there is a heavenly body; and that what is sown in corruption, dishonor, and weakness, is destined to be raised in incorruption, glory, and power. J. G. P.

B I R D S.

BIRDS, flitting gay 'mid Southern trees,
Flash their bright crest and glancing wing;
Birds, floating on the Northern breeze,
Through all the happy summer sing.

Birds gladden many a quiet home
With merry glance and cheerful song;
They know not what it is to roam,
Nor e'er for untried freedom long.

But sweeter than the wild-bird's strain,
And softer than the home-bird's note,
Are songs that oft, through heart and brain,
In gently mingling cadence float.

Their numbers breathe of bygone days;
Chant the low prayers of watching love;
Or, warbling, rise in joy and praise,
To join the blessed choirs above.

Nor to the spirit's ear alone
These heavenly harmonies belong:
In many a gentle word and tone
Sounds forth the holy heart-bird's song.

Oh! pleasant 'tis the birds to see,
 And guard them with a tender care;
 But sad and lone the heart must be,
 If no mild birdling nestles there!

L. E. S.

[For the "Monthly Religious Magazine"]

R E S U R G E T.

THE pallid leaf floats from the tree,
 And fading joys flit from my heart:
 Dull pains record that they depart;
 The account is left with grief and me.

Grief madly whispers, "He has fled,
 As withering leaves float from the tree;
 In nature's course they cease to be,
 And who shall wake the slumbering dead?"

The brave heart answers: "Leaves may fall,
 Return again to parent earth,
 And give new generations birth;
 None ask their beauties to recall.

Not so with him whom I have wept,
 With those who mourn for him with me;
 We cannot hold that Death may be,
 And trust that he has only slept.

The lover blasted hopes may know,
 The maiden may inconstant prove,
 From nectar turn to gall his love, —
 Yet wedded bliss is heaven below.

Faith is the proof of things not seen:
 Since He is true who fills the heart
 With faith and hope, I cannot part
 From my fixed trust: on him I lean."

T.

POLITICAL DIGNITY.

A Sermon preached in the West Church, Boston, March 11, 1866.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"The excellency of dignity." — GEN. xlix. 3.

WHAT is this but a thing in this land to laugh at? A community, eager to the edge of insolence, has small relish for a virtue it holds so tame. What speeches in high places prove American vulgarity! We are, as we say, a great country, or shall be if ever the nation is restored. But we cannot afford to be an ill-mannered one. Like some member of a legislative body, I rise, therefore, to a point of privilege or order. May the Good Spirit keep me from committing the sin I arraign, as many a man in this matter is but another criminal in the shape of a judge.

Our license has perhaps some explanation, if not excuse. Dignity is apt to be the lost star from the pleiad of virtue in a democracy. Equality is easily abused to level all distinction. The tendency to say, "I am as good as you," and the necessity, in an imperfect society, to count instead of weighing the votes, may let honor itself down, till we sometimes feel every thing is cheapened, and nothing left for which to live. As the cry rises, "No respect for persons here," and we read it in men's faces, like a placard on the post, or bill over the door, the sacredness of personality itself is degraded, and the soul disowned.

But according to the difficulty is the importance of dignity, that the muddy level of our manners may be lifted; the social soil, like our Back Bay, drained of its gross humors; and, instead of the waste and refuse of a careless behavior, the fine architecture of character above our palaces built up. Never was the need greater than now. Some things are settled by that death-hug of passion and conscience we call war: but the sword can only cut away obstacles. Other tools must re-edify, and even the battle of words give way to some dignified policy.

But what is dignity? It is composure; it is courtesy; it is temperance. Has no intemperance been the occasion among us of its loss? It is abstinence, *total* abstinence, from foul terms. You always lose your dignity when you lose your self-control; when you rage or storm, interrupt or hiss, sneer or swear. The whole account of profanity is eking out the wanting sense with an oath, like the boy that whistled as he went, for want of thought. So the beautiful poise of dignity is absent from the office and street, from the forum and platform, from the pulpit and press. All that is unmeasured is undignified.

I know the plea for overstraining, that only strong words can qualify dangerous errors or grievous faults. But when a young man, excited by some transcendental innovations in religion, said, "We must use strong words about this," a venerable minister replied, "Is it not, rather, into our reasons that we should put our strength?" It is said, we must not be ceremonious or complimentary in a case of vital concern. But can we not be plain and pungent without being coarse? We listen to some speakers, we read some prints, that can handle living issues, and probe as surgeons festering sores, without wanton epithets or one indelicate touch. How others, like the newsboys, shrieking with delight in anticipation of their sales when they have some robbery, murder, conflagration, foundering, or adultery to announce, seem to revel in the iniquity they proclaim! Poisoned with the pollution they expose, and passing sentence with a zest how different from the sorrow of Christ, they have forced into the dictionary for their own portraiture a new word,—and we call them *sensational*. With what expectant glee of self-advertisement they summon the multitude to their dissections which are vivisections! Advocating sobriety, how they live on the mental alcohol they pass round to the company! If we rejoice in their zeal, beware of their excess! Better be slow to give an opinion than quick to wrath. Better be reticent, for which some are reproached, than violent. The easily and always open-mouthed and indignant, who must be acrimonious or die, are not a class to belong to. "They are

not afraid to speak evil of dignities," — O Apostle Peter! didst thou write? How many jump at any chance to do it, as Gustave Doré sketches the bears in the Bible with smiles on their faces at the prospect of the children they sprang to devour! To charge a chief magistrate with treason, a governor with lying, a mayor with subterfuge, a judge with perjury, should be a sad business, and no pastime of pleading.

Men in high stations may lack dignity as much as those in mean ones; and no citizen or Christian will surrender the liberty to note such defect, though a president descend to call names and use language we cannot quote, or a senator or representative provoke his official superior with unhandsome taunts. Not only for its unseemliness is such vulgarity at head-quarters our regret, but for the aspect in which it puts those who play the part of the rescuers of a well-ordered freedom before the watchful eyes from far across the sea, spying if it be example or warning to the nations we are going to give.

But let us not be blind or half-sighted to behold the vice only in our representative men. We, the complainers whom they too truly represent, must answer. We use but a cutaneous cure, when, with fire and cautery of declamatory rebuke, we attack our officers. What are our leaders but led? Where are their constituents but all over the territory, constituting them in sorry fashion? Did not even the pure-hearted Lincoln, from the circumstances of his birth and breeding, carry to his post some odor of the common earth which only his magnanimity could bleach and wash away? If the verge he approached, his successor has overstepped, is he not sinned against, as well as sinning? If he is "the learned pundit at the other end of the avenue," who "whitewashes" the document he sends; if he has done what in other times would have "cost him his head;" if an indictment for suborning assassins is ludicrously tossed to and fro betwixt the White House and Capitol or Lyceum; if some lecturer, in language savoring more of strength than righteousness, insists that he is an emissary of hell, and religious teachers are

so moved as to declare we have *no* president, or one worse than Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot; if the oxygen of conscience from the North mix with the miasm of corruption in Carolina, in the same rhetoric that sprouts so fast in Utah among the leading saints of the Mormon Church; if members of opposite parties, or the same party, vilely ridicule and denounce one another, while some political egotists, scoring their fellows, claim a superfine virtue for none but themselves,—must we not consider the malady we mourn general and contagious, watch for symptoms of this epidemic disease, to divide its shame among ourselves, and conclude, as an eloquent voice once told us, that *barbarism* of the lips, at least, is our first danger?

I know we like to excuse these things in our friends and our own party; and not a few, who feel they belong to the right side, may visit with opprobrium my remarks. Those, who have anywhere the whip-row of power, fancy it will do for them to be supercilious, indecent, and jocose in their place, and turn off their offence with a laugh. But the time is too serious, civil duty and all duty too solemn, for such miserable trifling. Unclean adjectives on hasty suspicion leave stains on the lips by which they are pronounced.

Moreover, ill manners propagate themselves. No insect or reptile is so prolific. You must treat as a gentleman whom-ever you would have such, in the presidential mansion, or anywhere else. I am not here and now touching the questions between President and Congress, but the style. Does a low style, as some intimate, become the right side better than the wrong? Is transgression acceptable or excusable in our co-operators, and in our opponents to be damned? This would be to prescribe to rectitude a specific for degeneracy and spiritual death.

Let dignity, then, be an exotic no longer! With more pains than we would acclimate a valuable plant, let us cherish what Edmund Burke calls the nurse of manly sentiment, unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of nations. How easy to retort a jeer! If you say it is pity the Secretary of State did not die under the murderous knife, sooner than

live to utter a certain sentiment, somebody may say it is pity you lived to vent so savage a sentiment. Specimens of dignity we have as fine as in the social geology of any region; and God so prizes this trait, that he is represented as sitting, like a refiner of silver, over his sons. But from our new mine, by our seething furnace, how much slag and unsmelted ore! We say the majority must rule. But shall we take the law of speech and manners from the mass? Did Jesus take it so? How oft we do! What, universally, by common consent, to a very proverb, is, on these Atlantic shores, the most impressive thing? A throng, a crowded house or church, — hundreds going away, unable to obtain admission, — in our exclusion from which, because the aisles are full, we miss, for the time, the supreme good of life, when it may be but a poor panorama, indecent opera, or paltry and passionate speech from an uncharitable desk, that attracts; and which people are so willing to pay the price of being hustled and torn and swept hither and yon, to be so wretchedly rewarded and positively hurt for getting at! But truth and nobleness are not with the majority yet! "I prefer," said one to me, "the thinner assembly, where the air is good, the words sober, no excess of animal heat, and where friendly greeting does not sink into intrusive familiarity, but the sociality is respectful, the communion spiritual, the love pure and sincere." The atmosphere where men congregate, in whatever numbers, without the loftiest aims, — ring with angry and contemptuous elocution as it may, — is too thick and heavy for the dove of the Holy Spirit to fly in, or a healthy soul to breathe. God be thanked for fellowship! Let the heart beat warm and quick to all our kind! Yet we do not want them all in one room. A certain distance, as well as a certain nearness, is the sign of the best affection, while it is the stamp of dignity in woman or in man.

Dignity let us maintain in our conduct no less than in our manners and speech. Do we not reward our heroes vulgarly, and punish the disloyal as vulgarly too? It is a tumult, in either case, for penalty or glory. Such measures as have been instituted under what is called "Lynch Law;"

tarring and feathering, riding on a rail, throwing over from the galleries or into the sea; or forcing adversaries, under any threats of bodily harm, to shout a shibboleth, or hoist a flag; or inflicting any unlawful penalty even for outrageous words, — as to the propriety of which it is possible for good and sensible men still to differ, — demonstrate what a painful lack of dignity in the community where, under any provocation, they can exist, or in cool blood, long after the events have transpired, find defence!

But why dilate? The evil is too manifest. The question is, To genuine dignity of demeanor how shall we rise? And I answer, By looking a little at its composition: for dignity is not so much an aim as an *effect*; not a grandeur put on, which is false dignity; nor the surly self-complacency some would make pass current for it, which is a counterfeit and forgery, — *standing* on our dignity; but the nobility a man is unconsciously clothed in, who is true to himself and other men. This beauty, unassuming and unawares, whence does it spring? From respect for one's self, and respect for one's neighbor, which is also respect, *reverence*, for the soul in both; and issues in a humility, constraining more regard than is even due to aristocratic classes, or paid to any conceit or pride. As the abolition of slavery brings in the dignity of labor, let work of each one in his place be our honor henceforth! Let the struggle cease, who shall be famous above the rest; for in this vulgarity and want of dignity is selfish ambition too! Freedom of speech and of the press let there be, but chastened and christened, baptized as with the Holy Ghost, with mutual deference to that, greater than any or all individuals, in each other's breasts. "No respect for persons," did you say? Did I hear it right? *All respect for persons*, I reply. You misinterpret the Scripture, of God's having no respect for persons. God respects them more than any one. It is only the outside show and pretence, poorly in our version translated "person," which he does not.

So, in fine, the only foundation of dignity is religion, ascending to spirit in the highest, and penetrating to the soul, in one another and in ourselves. So long as we begin at the

other end, derive from the dust, omit the clause that, after God made man from the ground, he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul; and trace our relationship, like the physical philosophers, not to the angel, but to the ape,—we shall be poor creatures, with no “excellency of dignity,”—as we are base in conception, so in act,—to live in scorn, and vanish like the summer flies. By common faith and love and worship alone can we be immortalized and raised. So let me stop from blame, and conclude with an example. With what dignity that good man in Providence* died, as he had lived!

“My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than *breath* can give,”

he cried, as his breath failed, and he fell to the floor. As if he would say, “I must have some other instrument to celebrate God. All my earthly voice has been but a prelude; and, now that it chokes and ends, the object of adoration, the subject of thanksgiving, still remains. O Thou, that takest my harp away, and stillest for ever this tongue of flesh, give me other new strings, to tune to better music for ever, more worthy of my theme!” Was not this “the *excellency* of dignity”?

THE following lines we found afloat, with nobody to own them:—

THE BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD.

The dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,
At noon and evening hours,
O'erhung their graceful shrines alone
With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull
Their gifts by stream and wood:
The Good is always beautiful,—
The Beautiful is good.

* Dr. Edward B. Hall.

We live not in their simple day,
 Our northern blood is cold;
 And few the offerings which we lay
 On other shrines than gold.

With Scripture texts we chill and ban
 The heart's fresh morning hours:
 The heavy-footed Puritan
 Goes trampling down the flowers;

Nor thinks of Him who sat, of old,
 Where Syrian lilies grew;
 And from their mingling shade and gold
 A holy lesson drew.

THE METHODIST CENTENARY.

Our Methodist brethren show their usual preference of the spirit to the letter, in observing the current year as their centenary.

It was not indeed till 1784 that the Methodist Episcopal Church formally came into being. When our Revolution and Independence gave the English Church in America that blow from which it can never fully recover, Wesley at once saw the result, and evinced his own remarkable wisdom by prescribing for America what he would never consent to in England, — the separation of Methodism from the mother Church. The Oxford clergyman whom he, by a happy stretch of his powers, consecrated as bishop, met with the Methodist Conference at Baltimore, on Christmas Day, 1784, when Francis Asbury was set apart as a second bishop, and the Methodist Episcopal Church came into being.

But these millions now glorying in the name of Methodist, and honoring the nine bishops who now constitute the visible head of this great American Church, evince their genuine Christian republicanism, and their appreciation of spiritual causes, by dating the existence of their denomination in America, not from this important Conference when the frame-

work was made, but from that humble beginning in New York, in 1766, when the faithful Barbara Hick gathered in a half-dozen hearers, and stirred up the carpenter, Philip Embury, to preach.

What an influence has gone abroad throughout all our land from that little meeting, as throughout all the world, from that small group surrounding John Wesley at Oxford! The Methodist Episcopal Church has grown with our growth. Of all Protestant organizations in our country, if not in the world, it is now the largest, and probably the most powerful, and the most rapidly growing. It extends to every State, and to almost every town, in all our vast land. Despite its great loss of three thousand ministers, and half a million church-members by the proslavery secession, it has still near ten thousand churches, more than fifteen thousand preachers, nearly a million church-members; while it gathers within its walls, altogether, probably not far from five millions of our loyal fellow-countrymen. It has, besides, more than nine hundred thousand children in its Sunday schools; it holds church property to the value of nearly thirty millions of dollars; it has scattered throughout the land seventy-nine seminaries, doing a great work for popular education, especially for the education of young women; and twenty-three colleges, holding property and endowments to the value of three millions of dollars. It has a great central publishing house in New York, doing a business of a million dollars per year. It published almost two million volumes of the Scriptures during the year gone by. It contributes annually, in various charities, more than seven hundred thousand dollars; and it will mark this hundredth anniversary by contributing two million dollars for denominational purposes, during the current year.

These facts show the magnitude of this new tabernacle of the ever-new Spirit. They show the outer form of a ministry not to be otherwise measured, by which this denomination is doing in our land a work in which we may all most heartily rejoice.

It might seem that we, as Unitarians, could have little sym-

pathy with this great work. But we should be untrue to all our traditions, if we let differences in belief check our hearty appreciation of labors so signally efficient in making five millions of our fellow-countrymen more religious, more virtuous, and more intelligent. And we might well ask, also, whether such success in the use of methods we have disapproved, does not require us to re-examine our own observations and our own inferences. We can easily be too confident as to truth, or as to the approved method of the divine life. There are many gates to the celestial city, though each pilgrim can see, as he can enter, but one; and truth has, in its wholeness, a symmetrical splendor, where our human eyes can catch but broken lights. We may not say that truth must be alloyed with human errors before it can become the current coin, that the needs of men in masses are met only by such providential compounds of mingled truth and error; yet we must remember the words of the great apostle: "Now, there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Accepting this diversity in opinions and methods as something by no means wholly evil, we may look with peculiar satisfaction on the growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We may believe that the whole tendency of its work is one that we may as heartily rejoice in as though it were our own. True, this Church teaches opinions which we deem erroneous. But it has no teaching of this sort which other "Evangelical" bodies have not; and it presents its teaching in a less offensive form, with less of the dogmatic spirit, than any other. No similar body lays so little stress on opinions, — so much on personal holiness and piety. Its creed is rarely presented as a test creed: its spirit is any thing but exclusive. The boast of Wesley still has a certain truth: "The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion; but they think, and let think. I do not know of any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed, or has been allowed since

the days of the apostles. Here is our glorying, and a glorying peculiar to us."

The Methodists have never been severe in their doctrines of methods. The branch which followed Whitefield in Calvinism has continued relatively small. The great body, brightening their faith with the thought of the all-pervading Love, have shared the cheerful Arminianism of Wesley, and given the world a teaching, not indeed humane and all-forgiving as the teaching of Jesus, yet more nearly approaching it than that of any other "evangelical" sect.

This Church has something about it which is peculiarly American. It has shown itself, Episcopal as it is, truly republican, truly liberal and progressive. It has adapted itself to all the exigencies of our new life. It has combined a most wise organization, a solid conservative structure, with a wonderfully free, devout, and genuine spirit. It has been truly catholic and all-embracing, grading its ministrations to meet the varying culture of our people, building elegant churches in the large cities, while, at the same time, following the miner and the settler into the wilderness, to furnish the instructions and safeguards of the gospel wherever human needs exist.

The Methodists have sometimes been reproached as an ignorant people. They have made that reproach their glory by turning their ignorance into intelligence, as never any similar people did. Part of them are ignorant, not because they are Methodists, but because they are Americans. Our vast interior has been filled with a people whose wealth increased faster than their culture. Not ignorant as Europe's peasants are, they were yet by no means duly intelligent for a wealthy, self-governing people. Let it be the glory of Methodism, both that it has brought into its fold millions of this class, and that it has intelligently turned their efforts and their wealth toward supplying the one great want; that it has planted schools wherever it has gone; that it sustains more than a hundred seminaries or colleges; that, besides its older institutions, it has planted nearly twenty colleges within twenty years, at a cost of nearly three millions of dollars; and that,

with thousands upon thousands of our young men and women under its training, it is doing a work in the heart of our country, such as might provoke all other denominations to good works, and such as lays all of us under obligations.

Just now, one of its Christian merchants in New York, Mr. Daniel Drew, begins the centennial celebration by contributing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars towards the two millions they are to raise this year; and by establishing on the Hudson a theological school, which he is to endow with a half-million dollars more.

Associated with this charge of ignorance has been the allegation that the Methodists are superstitious, unduly emotional, given to fruitless raptures and barren conversions. Wesley tells us the minute when he was "converted," — a quarter before nine, on the evening of May 24, 1738. But, before we smile at the statement, we should ask what we are to understand him to mean; and, before we criticise the policy of this denomination in dealing with the people at large, we should ask whether any other policy has been so successful on the whole, and shown such satisfactory results. Those emotions cannot be wholly transitory and barren, which show such substantial products as contributions amounting to a million dollars a year; while they keep nine hundred thousand children in the Sunday school, and hold a million men and women to an avowed allegiance to the divine law, and effort after the divine life.

And when the preacher appeals, night after night, to a body of sinful men, urging them to take a different attitude before Heaven, to enroll themselves as avowed disciples of Christ, to enlist — as he would put it — for the holy war against evil, he expects no more sudden or instantaneous change than that by which any man attempts any thing new. Whenever a man's will assents to any act, or his judgment to any belief, there must be a moment when it is done. It is always a sudden act. Pondered for years though it may have been, it is yet an instantaneous occurrence at the last. When the preacher appeals to his audience, the question before their minds is not one of belief or disbelief, but of rebellion or obedience.

Taking the common convictions held by them as well as by himself, he paints in language which is true figuratively, if literally false, and which our Master himself employed, the consequences of sin, and the joys of the redeemed. And when any spirit before him says, "I will give up my profanity and intemperance, my worldly and godless life; I will strive to possess the divine communion, which beams on me from the face of my crucified Redeemer; I will join this great rejoicing, upward-looking host," — there must be a moment, an instant of time, when that great change takes place; when that slowly maturing resolution becomes a deed; when the prodigal comes to himself, and says, "I will arise, and go unto my Father."

All such conversion appears as the work of a moment, though its causes may have wrought for years, and its consequences must continue for ever. It makes no man perfect or sinless; but it has made millions of men less sinful. "A man is converted," says Wesley, "long before he is a perfect man." And he continues, "By salvation I mean not barely, according to the vulgar notion, deliverance from hell, or going to heaven; but a present deliverance from sin, a restoration of the soul to its primitive health, — its original purity, — a recovery of the divine nature, the renewal of our souls after the image of God in righteousness and true holiness, in justice, mercy, and truth." Such a change has been wrought in millions of souls by the ministry, under God, of those whose own spirits have been converted and quickened by the genuine, devout faith of John Wesley.

The writer knew a young man whose life was thus redeemed from ruin, and whose case is but a type of thousands like it. The young man was attending a Methodist College. Of brilliant genius, he was the child of wealth, and knew little of self-denial. Motherless, and away from home, he was fast entering on forbidden paths, when one night, as he set out for a scene of midnight revelry, something moved him to say to his comrades in sport, "To-night I spend in this amusement; but next Sunday night I shall go up to the meeting at the chapel, and be converted!"

It made a profound impression on his comrades, when they saw this half-mocking prophecy fulfilled. On that very Sunday night, some faithful ministration touched his heart. He gave himself, body and soul, to his Master's service. His whole life was changed, as by the power of the omnipotent Spirit. From that hour, he gave his wealth, his genius, and all his service, to the one cause. He became a minister of rare grace and power ; and, in two of our largest cities, carried on his blessed work, to the joy and help of many, till undue toil sent his body to its early grave, and his beautiful spirit to its heavenly reward. Scattered all over our land, there are thousands of similar cases, where an instant has begun that work which it will require an eternity to complete.

When we think of Methodism as working, during the past hundred and thirty years, a wonderful revival of faith all over the world, and as gathering now, about the tables of its communion in various lands, at least three million avowed disciples of Christ ; and when we think of this as the immediate outgrowth of that little club of praying believers at Oxford, — we may see how much may come from individual efforts, when they lay hold on the Infinite Strength.

But the Methodist Episcopal Church can teach us no less distinctly, that this is no chance result, but the issue of wise organization and intelligent associated effort. We may be both gratified and instructed by the admirable working of that quite complex machinery, with its bishops, conferences, elders, ministers, lay-preachers, and class-leaders, by which one voice can reach all this vast body at once, and give to it such unity of feeling and action.

We cannot overlook what seem to us defects in this machinery, such as the rapid shifting of ministers from church to church, hardly permitting them to become pastors at all. But we rejoice to see an Episcopacy which is truly republican, — which is the child of the Church, and not, by apostolical succession, its parent ; which gives all subordinates a court of wise superiors, to whom they can appeal ; and which unites the denomination, as a practical working body having a head as well as hands, instead of leaving the co-operating host as dis-

integrated as an army would be which had no generals or other commanding officers, and left each regiment or company to plan its own campaigns, and to operate on its own line. It is gratifying to see this almost the youngest of the Protestant bodies, and the freshest in feeling, so compactly organized in every department, and so faithfully caring for its multiform interests, — not forgetting its superannuated ministers, their children and their wives. Is it true that Congregationalism has nothing yet to learn?

And, finally, the rise of Methodism may give joy to all believers by recalling the deathless vitality of our Christian faith. When so signally were new receptacles provided for that spirit which is always new? In Methodism, the religious sentiment of mankind re-asserted itself, and re-affirmed its power, as hardly ever before in history. Methodism sprang up under the eyes of the most brilliant wits that have ever scoffed at Christianity, or ridiculed religion. This rude evangelist, with his garment of camel's hair, made his voice heard in our wilderness only after it had been first heard amidst the king's palaces and along the proud walks of philosophy. It arose in the very presence of Voltaire, and, through the lips of Whitefield, preached to Bolingbroke and to Hume. That hour when Voltaire availed himself of the recent discoveries of Newton to turn all the powers of his tremendous sarcasm against the Church, — when science was dealing its first blows against that mass of error the Church encumbered itself by maintaining, — that irreverent hour was the very moment Providence had chosen for calling into being a new denomination of Christians, more devout, more zealous, more faithful, more free in charity, while yet more positive in convictions, than any that had ever formed part of the one glorious Church. It was then that a new vintage was to be pressed, a new outpouring of the Spirit to be given.

And we may be assured, that, in any age of doubt, however faith may decay and scepticism exult, these voices will but call up some fresher and mightier manifestation, — that the waters shall come back like a flood. For that vital tide is never still. It keeps its unceasing ebb and flow. When

its floods run low, men may mock at its departure, and bid it a final farewell; but it will soon roll back, to swallow up all structures built on the sand thus for a moment left bare, or to take up and bear on whatever vessels men have made ready in the faith that it would return.

H. C. B.

ADDRESS

At the funeral of Mrs. LUCY CLARK ALLEN, wife of Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D. of Northborough.

BY REV. ALONZO HILL, D.D.

AFTER an absence of many years, the pastor's wife has once more entered the portals of this house to take part in the services of the great assembly. In the place in which she was subordinate, she is now the chief actor. Where she once sat and listened to the voice of the pulpit, or in low gentle tones spoke to her Sunday-class, she has now come to speak in most impressive language her last, but greatest words, and then go on her way. We are the listeners to-day, and wait to receive the message in the majestic presence of death. The silence of that coffin is more eloquent than speech; and that faded countenance, overspread with the expression of languor, and yet of sweet tranquil peace, is more persuasive than the voice of man, and cannot fail to move us deeply.

Yes, my friends: the aged sufferer, after long and patient waiting, now rests. To her the fevered dreams and the stern reality of earth are over; the curtain is raised, and she has entered on the scenes in which she so long lived in faith, and where the mystery of life and death have been revealed, and the twilight has brightened into perfect day. The great lessons of her earnest and devoted life and tranquil death have now been given, and it is for me to interpret them. There were once those among us who could have done it, and given them their deepest and truest meaning; but they

are not here to do a work so congenial and so grateful. Of that company of associated pastors and ministerial friends, who used to gather around her table and share in the intimacies of her friendship, and could report of her as she was in her better days, the days of her strength, and the fresh activity of her zeal, — alas! where are they, — the fathers and the prophets of their day? Bancroft and Thayer and Osgood and Clarke and Isaac Allen are all gone; and with the exception of my brother,* who occupies the pulpit with me, I only remain to tell what she was and did. And I am to speak of the dead, honored, loved, and revered; because I saw and knew her in the full maturity of her powers. And, if my speech falters, if I fail and fall short in calling back the image of that life which has now just closed, I know, and rejoice to know, that there are aged people among you, who, remembering her early womanhood, will complete the picture. If I can convey to you something of the impression which she has left upon their minds, and stamped upon the heart of this whole parish, I shall be satisfied. It is all that I shall attempt to do.

It is forty-eight years the fourth day of this month since she came here to the scenes of her life-long labors and love, — the young bride, the wife of your pastor. It was in the depth of winter. And I am told there was no winter in the heart of your welcome. You gave her your immediate confidence, and from that day have held her in unchanged honor and affection. She came in her mature womanhood, with cultivated powers and ripe capacity, and a full preparation for the work to which she was set. How could it be otherwise, when, the daughter of the venerable Henry Ware, sen., the learned professor at Cambridge, and the sister of that saintly man, Henry Ware, jun., she was reared in the family circle over which they shed their benignant influence, breathing the atmosphere of an intelligent, refined Christian home? Being the oldest daughter, enured to the tasks of the household there, she entered upon her new duties here, as the

* Mr. Bartol.

head of the family and the minister's wife, with a keen sense of their greatness and imperative obligation, which left her no resource but in the continued faithful cultivation of all her powers, and a profound reliance on a higher than human,—in an ever-fresh sympathy with the Saviour, and a leaning on the arm of God. She was intellectual in her habits beyond most of her sex in her day. In spite of incessant demands upon her time and attention, she found leisure to read the best books, and was familiar with the best thought of the age. She studied with special care whatever had been written on the best methods of education and influence. Besides the works of Dr. Channing and her brother Henry, she particularly sympathized with such spirits as Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Hamilton, and that class of female writers who have done so much to mould the New-England mind, and give a tone to the New-England character. There was not a new project of usefulness which she was not among the first to study and understand, and put into successful operation.

She was devout, conscientious, and reverential. Her love of the Saviour, and her consecration to God, were entire. But they did not manifest themselves in a great stir of the emotions, or in the devotion which expends itself in mere acts of worship; but in the sweet serenity of her life, and in the quiet energy with which she moved in the midst of her duties, and in the entireness with which she discharged them all. Always calm, habitually reserved, and more ready in act than in speech, her heart ever beat with the warmest and tenderest emotions, and the spirit of self-sacrifice was ever alive within her. In the tenderness of her love she was not excelled by the meek Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus; nor yet, in the constancy of her application, was she surpassed by Martha, who was busy and active in her household cares. Her religion, which was deep, was not a mere refined sentimentalism, an overflow of passion, a taste for poetry, and a love of art. She never could have been satisfied with the statement of the Romish preacher, in his funeral oration, who, in giving the character of a person engrossed with frivolous occupations, and distinguished for the light embellishments

which conceal looseness of principle, gave us eminent proof of her fitness for the world of a spiritual being, to which she had been suddenly called, this criterion: "She called for the crucifix that had been her mother's. She made confession of her sins to her priest with every expression of humility. She listened with attention to the explanation of saving ceremonies. She received the rite of extreme unction with emotion, and died in the odor of sanctity." Mrs. Allen, with her large intelligence, never dreamed that there could be any substitute of Christian rite for spirituality of life, with her refined practical culture; rather, she had sympathy with what is said of the young and lowly disciple of Jesus, in the city of Joppa. The woman had been taken sick and died. "And, when she was dead, they laid her in an upper chamber." There also was the preacher who had been in the house, and among the trusted companions of our Lord. "Then all the widows stood around weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them," — that is, as we are to understand, for the sick and poor in the neighborhood. While Paul was preaching the gospel for all ages and climes, and Peter was planting churches eastward and westward, doing deeds and attended by signs of superhuman power, this humble woman, no less acceptable than they, was vindicating also the same internal principle of religion. Late at night her room was lighted up by the solitary lamp, and there sat the earnest lonely worker, making coats and garments for the poor; for she was a woman full of good works and of alms-deeds which she did.

This was the especial type of the religion of Mrs. Allen, of whom I am speaking. She also was a woman full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. But do not let us suppose that her conceptions of doing good could be satisfied by merely *material* gifts, how generous soever, and how constantly bestowed they might be. This principle, which Christ commanded and God approves, can be sustained in no narrow spirit, and can never be expressed by merely feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. True charity can never be satisfied with formal official acts. It is of the soul, and

droppeth from the heart like the gentle dews from the heavens ; spreading like the sweet incense in the temple, and scattering the fragrance of love all around : and whether it manifest itself in the rich gifts of royalty, or the stinted offerings of the poor needle-woman, it confers happiness ; it transmits the temper of Christ, and is therefore acceptable to God. And let me say, my friends, that this is the thing that we most need, and not mere bountiful giving. There is a great deal of *that*. Let any one but see what in the last four years has been done to alleviate the horrors of war, and then deny, if he can, the bountifulness of our giving. And yet do we *so* give, by the bestowment of moral sympathy and tenderness, — by acts of courtesy and spiritual influence as shall open the fountains of returning love, and cause the stream of enjoyment to flow ; which shall spread a perpetual greenness over the face of nature and of man ? Have you never seen those possessed of a sweet, Christ-like nature and helpful dispositions, whose very countenance was a benediction ; the tones of whose voice were attuned to gentleness and harmony, and who, in the retirement of home and in the midst of life, quiet jarring interests by little acts of refined delicacy and unproclaimed labor, win affection, and, like the sunlight upon the meadows, work changes that seem marvels and miracles ?

Mrs. Allen was very remarkable for this kind of benefaction. None excelled her in her blessed influence over her own home, not only saving those under her own roof from low indulgence, but encouraging them in all high and noble endeavor. She kept a hospitable board, gave as she was able, and never turned the needy from her door. So far from that, although her family was not small, nor her resources large, she not only educated them at Cambridge, but was in the constant habit of receiving poor children, and rearing them as her own ; aiming, most of all, to save them from their moral perils, and mould their characters aright. She was ingenious in her *methods* of *doing* good, rich in expedients, and bold in experiment, beyond almost any person whom I have known. She saw the shiftlessness and

reckless extravagance of the uneducated classes among us, because they had no security or safe depository for their earnings. It was through *her* suggestion the first savings-banks — those sources of immense moral good — was established in this county. To her, Sunday schools were but little known, and were looked on with suspicion; *she* was among the first who encouraged them, and between the morning and the evening service on the Sunday, for years, she would conduct the little ones of the congregation to her own parlor, and, forgetful of her own wants, spend the hour in feeding them with the bread of life. And how many men and women, now in middle life, who will remember with everlasting gratitude the kind face that looked on their childhood, and the sweet lips that told them of their Father in heaven, and of the Child of Bethlehem! For many years during the earlier part of the ministry of her husband, in order to eke out a scanty salary, she made her house the resort of young men, wild and wayward youth, and orphaned and neglected children placed there for protection, instruction, food, and shelter. But how much more severely did she interpret her duties towards them, than to instruct the mind and care for the body! With earnest solicitude that never relaxed, she watched over their *moral* habits and vagrant dispositions, and strove to wipe out the stain, if she could, and cure the wounds which had been made, and were beginning to fester and spread in the soul. How would she pursue until she had reclaimed them! By ingenious methods, which none but she could have devised, she sought and obtained their confidence; and through her magic influence compelled confessions and promises of amendment from the blushing boy, which the smart of guilt and the fear of punishment had never produced. And how many of those youths, now successful and influential men in various portions of the land, are able to recall that rural home over which she presided, as the place of their refuge and moral regeneration; where they first learned the beauty and blessedness of right living, and the road to heaven! Such dispositions and capacities, my friends, are to be ranked among the most exalted Christian

graces. And when Mary sat at Jesus' feet and anointed them for his burial, and the young woman, among his followers, who gave up meaner pleasures, and helped the poor to become rich in good works, they were not far from the kingdom of God. Nay, they had been already admitted there, and welcomed among its choicest subjects. The memory of such is fragrant, like the oil in the temple; and the lowliest seat here in which they can sit and be occupied in such a service will become one of the highest there.

There is one thing more which I wish to refer to in the life and character of Mrs. Allen, — and that is, her cheerfulness in doing the work given her to do, and in bearing the burden laid upon her. She was most genial in her disposition; full of quiet humor, and large in her sympathies with all that is beautiful in art or nature, or the heart of man. I am not aware that she possessed that exalted enthusiasm which longs to leave the earth, and finds it irksome to do the commonest duties. If she *did*, the poetic fervor was kept in subordination to her conscience and sense of religious obligation. I do not know, that, in the warmest of her devotion, she was ever borne up to those transporting regions where the earth from beneath vanishes from the view, and from which the eye gazes over on to the crystal walls, and pearly gates, and golden pavement of the New Jerusalem; but I am sure she inherited the playful fancy, and the bright faith in God, which ever threw a sunlight over their wild and rugged scenes, and made life's tasks easy and its burdens light. Her tasks — the tasks of a country minister's wife — I know what they are in the country village where the injustice and hard pressure of our New-England system of parish remuneration are most severely felt. And, let me tell you, no tasks are heavier and harder to bear; none more wearing to the body, and more wearisome to the soul; none that vex, and wound, and break down, and tear the spirits sooner; tasks in adjusting the intercourse with the families of the parish, and soothing down their jealousies; tasks in the regulation of the household, and in meeting its constantly increasing wants from scanty stores; tasks in economy, and

the trial of one's own spirit; tasks never ended, till one dies before her time. Only the other day, one of these women said to me, "I find my duties sometimes heavier than I can bear; and, if I did not find relief in tears, I should die." But she, of whom I have been speaking, how cheerfully and gladly did she sustain them through a long life; taking and lifting them on like those early Christians, who, escaping from the conquered and falling city of Jerusalem, seized what they could carry, and, hurrying over cliff and meadow and wood, sang as they went!

But she had not only her trial of duty, as hard as any, but a burden of long and lingering sickness, that palsies the hand and makes the heart ache,—all the more intolerable, because it afforded no hope of relief; not even the poor solace of the sufferer on the rack, who said, "A hard day was before him; but he had this consolation,—it would come to an end." But there was no end to *her* illness except in death, and she knew it. Day and night, summer and winter, when the spring flowers should blossom, and when the autumn harvests should be gathered, year in and year out, there she must lie in that sick-room, on that narrow bed, without power to raise her head or lift her hand until death should relieve her. It is dreadful, you say. Any thing but that: loss of property, separation, exile, torture. How could they ever smile in that house? Ah, my friends! how little do we comprehend the sources of the heart's joys and sorrows! That room, which, with its curtained windows and closed doors, shut in the patient (which, as you passed, you would shudder to think of), let me tell you, has been the cheerfullest, the happiest room in all this village: more exhilarating thought, more enlivening sentiment, more words of pleasantry and good cheer, that lift the head and make the heart glad, have been there, than in any one of the homes around. The choicest reading in all our tongue has been heard there, the sweetest visions that ever greeted the eye of man have been seen there, the blesseddest hopes that ever cheered the solitary bosom have been constant there. "Sad, woful, gloomy, an object of pity," say you? My friends, let

me tell you what I know. One day, a few months ago, when she felt her end to be near, she called her husband to her bedside, and said to him, "If, when I am dead, you preach my funeral sermon, let *this* be your text." And what do you think it was? Not the querulous words of Job, when the darkness had come on, and he cursed the day in which he was born; not the language of forced resignation, with which you and I perhaps would have compelled ourselves to meet the inevitable event: but this rather, — and I am filled with wonder while I repeat it, — "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me." What a sentiment for such an hour, and under such circumstances! The transcendent reward, the mighty triumph of her faith! I have seen men grow pale in view of a present danger, of the amputation of a limb, or of an imminent battle. But this woman lies at the mouth of the yawning gulf unmoved. The chilly air of the grave falls upon her cheek, the film is gathering over her eye and shutting out the light of the sun and moon and the faces of familiar friends; and she desires when she is gone, — she, whose life for eight long years has been one of singular deprivations, desires that the canticle of praise may be read at her funeral, — as expressive of the prevailing sentiment of her heart, — "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me." Oh the greatness of the human soul, when it is invested with the strength and majesty of God! Oh the wondrous grace and beauty, when it is transformed into the likeness of Christ!

Our saintly friend, patient sufferer, lingered until Saturday morning, the tenth of February, with spiritual faculties unabated, and yet with only feeble ties connecting them with the body, when just before the dawn, most fitting hour, she went to her rest, or rather she entered the light ineffable, the day which no night shall follow.

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere did shine,
A star of day."

My brother, bosom companion of the departed, permitted to witness with her the forty-eighth anniversary of your

unbroken union; my brother, children and kindred of the deceased, who carry with you so many memories of a mother's love and a sister's affection; my friends, members of this ancient congregation for half a century of years, the objects of her tender solicitude, her prayers, and her toils, — I will not mock you with the hollow words of consolation; for there is no place for them here. But I will rather rejoice with you that the warfare is now over, and the saintly one at rest. I rather share with you in the high triumph of the hour, that the tired spirit is condemned to stay with us no longer; but in the beauty of holiness, in the fulness of its graces, hath laid down the burden, and gone up to her reward. And this is the word and reward, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit. For they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

[NOTE. — Mrs. Allen died on Saturday, Feb. 10, 1866, æt. 74. She was buried on the next Wednesday. After a prayer at the house, she was borne to the church where she had so long worshipped, and where a large congregation of parishioners waited to receive her. The funeral solemnities were rendered more than usually affecting by being in part a memorial service over the remains of an endeared grandchild, — the daughter of the Rev. T. Prentiss Allen, — a sweet girl of eighteen years, lovely in person, affectionate in her disposition, and resolved and devoted in her life. The dear child, moved by an irresistible desire to render the utmost service to her country, in this great day that has come upon her, by helping to prepare the freedmen to bear their new responsibilities and duties, had gone to Charleston, S.C., in company with her uncle, William Allen, who was about to engage there in this sacred work. She went, and gave herself with unrelaxing fidelity to her strange tasks; resisting every temptation to forsake them, even for an evening's entertainment. Earnestly she worked on, winning by her gentleness a kind interest, even in the hearts of strangers. Early in June, she was seized with the malarial fever of the South, and, after lingering three days unconscious, she fell, another martyr to the cause of freedom and humanity. She died in the morning; and there was a funeral service, attended by Rev. Mr. Stebbins, at the house where she had found a shelter. And there was a great company there to attend the solemnity. Then at dusk they went forth, — a singular procession, — this young and delicate girl leading, long rows of colored children walking side by side, an escort of war-worn veterans attending, as if she had been a princess. They had dug for her a temporary grave in a secluded spot; and, as they let down the coffin, the children passed round, and each dropped a sprig of myrtle on the lid, while the men, who comprehended her untimely fate and the greatness of her sacrifices, dropped a tear. Then they turned away, and left her in her sacred repose.

But she could not rest in a Southern soil. A few days ago she returned to dear old New England and the quiet village of Northborough, the spot where so many sacred remembrances and associations cluster,—the home of so many she loved. She had come back, and asked only for a place at the side of her kindred. She now rests there. On the day of the funeral, the door of the sepulchre was rolled back; and, after the united service, they, grandmother and grandchild, were placed side by side. Though separated by leagues of water and by the act of death but a little while ago, they now sleep together in the same tomb. Though parted by half a century of years, they have entered on that world where their youth is renewed as the eagle's; and, kindred in spirit, they have now entered on the rewards, and know the overwhelming surprises which overtake them where they go.]

RANDOM READINGS.

REV. DR. HALL.

WE sincerely mourn with the society in Providence, to which he ministered for a third of a century, the loss of this good man. His influence was widely felt, and it was of the choicest kind. He was not a man of shining abilities; but, better than that, his talents were of that solid and substantial kind which are most needed in times of transition and change. He was both conservative and progressive, holding fast and immovably upon the foundations of Christian faith, and, on these foundations, judging kindly and charitably, in the spirit of a broad eclecticism, glad to see the goodly structure rising and enlarging. To know him was to be impressed at once with his great strength and even balance of mind, and with his goodness of heart and warmth of affection, and a certain modesty and dignified reserve, which avoided all self-assertion; qualities of character which were the fruits of a genuine Christian humility. The last time we met him we have dwelt upon gratefully. It was at Cambridge, immediately after the address which has been made the occasion of so much misrepresentation. As we came out, Dr. Hall waited to give us his warm and friendly grasp, and express to us his fulness of sympathy and concurrence, in words so kind and hearty, that we treasured them up. This last impress of his countenance we preserve as a photograph.

Dr. Hall was of a class of preachers who connect us with a past that brings up the most cherished memories. His first marriage made him the son-in-law of the elder Ware; the brother-in-law of the younger Ware, whose spirit he so largely shared; the brother-in-law of Mrs. Allen, whose saintly life Dr. Hill has so justly commemorated. He was the biographer of Mary Ware; and what a book of evidence for the authenticity of the gospel of Christ has there been given to the churches! Times may change; but thrice happy will be the liberal churches, if they continue to produce such golden fruits of a spiritual faith, flavored so richly with the love of Christ, and ripening for immortality.

Dr. Hall's death was as beautiful as his life. The words of faith and of the love of God, that filled his heart, were dropping from his lips as death touched him,—the swan-song of a son of light, as earth's darkness broke away and the light of immortality was given to his view. As we breathe our loving and sad farewells, let us join the welcomes that greet him now,—“Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!” s.

A TOUCHING SCENE IN CHARLESTON, S.C.

[Allusion is made in Dr. Hill's address and the note appended, published in our present number, to the death of Miss ALLEN at Charleston, one of the devoted teachers in the freedmen's schools. The following description, which we take from the published narrative of Mr. Redpath, gives, not only a vivid impression of the work and sacrifice of this young martyr, but also of the fine traits of negro character which she was the occasion of calling forth. The unbounded affection of the negroes, the warmth of their gratitude, their tenderness of personal attachment, their large faith in the supernatural, and its invigorating and sustaining power, are all beautifully illustrated. Where, in any romance, can you find a scene so touching as is here described in real life?]

AMONG our teachers from New England was a modest and accomplished young lady from West Newton. She was a member of a family famous in Massachusetts for the eminent teachers it has produced. She accompanied her uncle, who was my-associate-superintendent. She was the youngest of the teachers who came down to Charleston, and none of them looked so healthy as she. But she was the first to fall a victim to the malarious fever of the city.

Every day, the children brought flowers to their teachers; and, when Gertrude fell sick, the choicest bouquets were left at her home by her pupils each morning. One of them—a pure black girl, lately in from the plantations—pleaded again and again to be permitted to see her. But the physician had forbidden her to be disturbed; and—especially as her friends did not dream that she would die—her petitions were gently refused. Suddenly the fever grew, and our teacher died. It was necessary that she should be buried at once. It was on a Saturday morning; but the sad news went swiftly through the city, and, when the hour of burial came, nearly all her class were at the door.

The gentry of Charleston ignored our existence, excepting by repeated and defeated efforts to prevent us, or to dispossess us of the buildings in which our schools were held. In some other cities, this class found allies among the Federal officers. But, to the enduring honor of General Hatch and the officers in command at Charleston, they refused to become parties to this unholy alliance.

The procession moved. There was a long train of carriages. Immediately behind the relatives and the mourners rode the major-general in command,—then the colonels of the Thirty-fifth (a brother of Henry Ward Beecher) and of the glorious Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, beside a number of other officers of inferior grade; and lastly came the carriages of Northern citizens, who hastened to do honor to the young martyr and her cause and themselves alike.

Lastly? No, not that; for another class of mourners closed up the cortege. They were the girls of Gertrude's class. Ragged, bareheaded, shoeless, silently, and with sad faces, they followed their beloved teacher to her early grave.

We reached the churchyard. It is on the edge of the burnt district. The church which it surrounds is almost the only edifice in the neighborhood which the shells from Morris Island had not shattered or defaced. Standing near it, one can see, from river to river, hundreds and hundreds of blackened ruins,—scores of chimneys standing to mark where a house once sheltered traitors, or of stores where merchants once grew rich on the profits of unrequited toil. I could never look on them without recalling the solemn words of inspiration,—“Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished;” and that fitting declaration of prophecy fulfilled,—“Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen.”

The coffin was brought from the hearse, and carried slowly to the grave. Silently the white mourners, the people in the carriages, and the horsemen, followed it; no one objecting, no one dreaming of preventing them. I stayed behind to see that the true guard of honor should come in; for I knew, that, unless a white man remained, they would be refused admittance. And they did come in. They ran, and gathered flowers. On the further side of the grave, — it was dug in an unoccupied corner of the yard, — the Indian corn, already six or seven feet high, was growing. The children stood among it. I never saw a sight more beautiful than their dusky faces and sad, eager eyes as they stooped or knelt down on the red mound of earth, under the deep-green, broad-leaved corn.

The coffin was lowered. "Dust to dust." The shovelful of earth rattled up a dull echo. Instantly a black boy, and then three girls, threw handfuls of flowers into the open grave. This, this was the fitting covering of their bright young martyr, — not dust to dust, but beautiful to beautiful.

On Monday, we could not keep the school in which Miss Allen had taught. It was in Ashley Street, near the Arsenal, which the Rebels seized in the first days of the Rebellion. I went up to make a few remarks to the pupils, but the first sentence that I uttered prevented others; for, as soon as I said, "Miss Allen is dead," the long-pent-up grief burst out, and all the children whom she taught sobbed bitterly. One of them — the same girl who had asked so often to see her teacher — wept and sobbed until she swooned; and would not be comforted, when she was restored, until the principal promised that she might at least clean out her dead teacher's class-room.

Another Trait of Negro Character.

If I were content to show how tender-hearted and how grateful they are, I might stop here; but the sequel to this girl's story tended to illustrate another trait of the negro character.

She went for brushes and a pail of water, and shut herself up in the room. She was heard sobbing as she worked, for some time after she entered it; but, when she came out, she was perfectly calm. The change was so complete, that she was questioned about it.

"I saw her," she answered.

"Saw who?" they asked.

"I saw Miss Allen; she sat down near me."

And, once or twice afterwards, she went up, in school hours, and told the principal that she could see her old teacher sitting at her desk, which had been hung with black cloth.

No one could have converted her to a different belief; and her full faith in it ended her lamentations.

THE LOSSES OF THE PAST MONTH.

As our pages have gone to press, they have gradually grown into a memorial number. The winds of March are rough, stern ministers; and yet, like all that go forth to execute the will of Heaven, angels in disguise. As we were approaching the last week of the month, on the eve of the Lord's Day before the great Resurrection-Sunday of the year, another of that household whose name is so familiar and dear in the liberal churches has been taken from the earthly to the heavenly home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Putnam, wife of Rev. George Putnam, D.D., who died in Roxbury, March 24, was a daughter of Rev. Prof. Ware, sen. Only because she bore that name have we any right to record her death, or to add that she increased the honor which it brought to her.

She, too, hath been gathered, too soon for us on earth, but not too soon for those who wait at the golden gate, and welcome travellers home.

E.

MOSES NOT AN EGYPTIAN IN HIS RITUAL.

How far did Moses borrow his ritual of religion from his Egyptian teachers, and so dishonor himself by presenting as original what existed ages before in the most ancient and most superstitious of lands? No one is ignorant of the fact of his having exhausted the twofold learning of a country, where Plato came as a student, and the Father of history was taught history, by his being brought up as a member of the royal family; and no one who is familiar with a modern school of thought has escaped the sneers cast upon one of the most creative or most profoundly inspired of our race, as if the worshippers of Isis and Osiris had taught him the unity of God,

—the idolaters of bull and crocodile awakened him to reverence for the human soul.

Three things Moses certainly presents in unison with the Egyptian monumental remains,—only three; and those universal promptings of the Oriental mind, offset entirely by four fundamental teachings of the Mosaic system, which are entirely at variance with every thing Egyptian. Darkness in the Holy place; overshadowing wings; the court within a court, which was perfected on Mount Moriah. But neither of these three is peculiar to Egypt. The darkness of the abode of Deity is the favorite thought of all the early Asiatic religions; and the early Egyptians were thought to have immigrated from the neighboring part of Asia: it belonged, just like this idea of enclosure within enclosure, to the still prevalent idea of a sovereign's seclusion from his people in solitude, silence, and mystery. Every Oriental palace is similarly arranged at the present day. I have sometimes passed through these courts, to enter the saloon of a wealthy banker in Asia. The idea of Deity's thus occupying an interior place was inevitable to those Orientals, who saw it realized in every person of great wealth, or commanding position, or especial sanctity. These overshadowing wings, which Miss Martineau was so delighted to find among the temple-carvings along the Nile, belong to the poetry of religion everywhere: no better symbol of protection could be imagined. We teach them still to our children, and pray them ourselves. If the Egyptians had claimed the idea as original or peculiar, human nature would have risen in protest against the assumption; if modern detractors of Moses make it for them, they are simply making fools of themselves. Ever since a mother-bird spread her wings over her nest of young, this image of Divine protection was prepared for the trusting spirit of man.

But the contrasts between the Jewish and Egyptian systems are infinitely more striking than the resemblances: any one of them is sufficient proof that Moses was no copyist. In a popular magazine, they can only be presented in this informal way, which will not deter readers by any pretence of learning, any parade of quotations. As far as we know (and scholars are at work upon these very points), the Egyptians were foremost in instituting religious festivals, in hallowing public altars, in carving sacred images: no doubt they were an intensely religious people in their better days, tyrannized over by kings, who were incarnations of superstition.

But it is very certain that Moses' grand, fundamental doctrine, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is *One* Lord," was practically

unknown in the land of bondage. Go through the vast courts of Karnak to-day: when you reach the dark holy places, you will always find at least two separate shrines, and commonly three, proving the number of images, altars, and objects of worship. If there was lurking somewhere underneath the thought of One Supreme, it did not come to the light of life: it is nowhere found among acres of hieroglyphics, which were the authorized exponents of the religion of the land; no stone-tongue on any temple's wall whispers such word. In visiting every temple along the Nile, I never discovered any single shrine that I can now recall; I do not believe any such exists.

And, then, everybody knows Egypt was all given over to the grossest idolatry, while the temple at Jerusalem was marked out from all the world by permitting no image and no picture of Deity neither upon its walls, before its altar, nor within its shrine. The contrast is far greater than we imagine. In more refined and advanced lands, the coarse symbolism of Egypt, its stiff-limbed gods, its funny-headed idols, gave way to forms of exquisite grace and enrapturing beauty. In Egypt, for some unknown reason, probably to observe the traditions of piety, the figures of Deity are as awkward as possible. But pass into the next adjoining land, with which constant intercourse was maintained, and there you find, for the first time on earth, an unrepresented Deity, a shrine without an idol, a conception of the Infinite disdaining these human embodiments; the invitations, therefore, to purely spiritual worship.

Then, third, while mummied cats, ibises, bulls, &c., swarm; while this absurd reverence to very inferior animals is attested in a million forms,—Moses was never infected by the contagion. He probably loathed a mummy cat as much as we do to-day. He thought that the same time, thought, and money which were wasted in preventing this dust from returning to its native dust, might well have been given to cure the young of inherited prejudice; to open the common mind to the inspiring light of science, and hasten the dawn of a better day. I should just as soon think of encountering a solemn procession bearing a horse to some monumental shrine at Mount Auburn, where the whole company would unite in solemn prayer and mournful requiem over his remains, as imagine a disciple of Moses assisting at the interment of mummied cat or crocodile.

Last, the Jews seem to have buried their dead very soon after death, in their ordinary garments. So they do at Jerusalem to-day. All the burial customs of Egypt were entirely opposite, as five hundred millions of mummies attest to our eyes. The preparation of a

body for interment took sometimes seventy days, consumed a vast deal of time, involved an immense expense, degraded all who were engaged in the task, rested upon the falsehood that this identical frame was necessary to the future life of the individual man. The fact that the grave of Moses himself was concealed; that the remains of many a saint, like Elijah, could not be found, — sufficiently attests the detestation of any such idea throughout the Jewish system; the determination to keep the body in subordination to the soul; the preparation for a diviner revelation, which should declare that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom, but that spirits mount upward to the communion of spirits.

H.

A SKETCH OF FORMER TIMES.

THE quiet town of Deerfield, Mass., is one of the gems of beauty that adorn the valley of the Connecticut. Having been a frontier town in the days of Indian warfare, it was much exposed to the incursions of the savage foe, and was repeatedly the scene of terror and bloodshed. Though the facts mentioned below may be familiar to many readers of the Magazine, they probably will be new to the younger class.

A very interesting relic of those times of peril remained there till the middle of the present century, — the venerable house used as a fort at the time of the attack on the town in the winter of 1703-4. The steep, pointed roof made a very considerable proportion of the height of the building. The walls were filled in with brick, and the projection of the second story beyond that of the ground floor had afforded a good opportunity for firing down on the foe, should he approach too closely. The massive front door, thickly studded with nails, had been partially cut away by the tomahawks of the Indians; and in the wall of one of the lower rooms was still lodged the bullet that had killed a woman in the attack referred to above.

Though scarcely comfortable as a habitation, the house was owned and occupied until the year 1848 by one of the most intelligent and respectable families in the village, who loved and clung to the old nest till it hardly afforded them shelter from the storms. Had they been willing to accept a compensation for their trouble, the old garrison-house would have been a source of revenue to

them. Barnum would have made a fortune from it; for the occupancy of such a piece of antiquity was no sinecure. In the days of travelling by private conveyance and stage-coach, it was much visited. All the passengers would frequently alight from the coach to examine the curious relic, and hear the tale, so patiently repeated by its occupants, though it must have become a weariness to them. Perhaps it was a mercy that their sense of the ludicrous was sometimes excited by the absurd questions and remarks of the visitors. "Were you in this room at the time when the Indians attacked the house?" said one person to the youngest member of the family, who did not make his appearance in the world for more than a hundred years after that event. "No," replied the young man: "I slept up stairs that night."

To speak more particularly of the occurrences of that disastrous night and the circumstances that led to it: it is said that a church-bell, sent from Europe for the settlement of Indians at St. Regis, Can., had by some means been diverted from its destination, carried to Deerfield, and hung on the church there. The Indians for whom it was intended, naturally wished to recover their property, and to take revenge for their temporary loss; whether on the parties in fault, or on others, they cared little. Accordingly, late in the winter of 1703-4, they stole suddenly upon the town under cover of night, favored by the snow four feet in depth, and thickly crusted; and, by the treachery of the sentinel, found an easy entrance within the palisades. After murdering some of the inhabitants, taking others captive, and possessing themselves of the desired bell, they turned their steps homeward. Among the captives was the first minister of the town, the Rev. John Williams, with his wife and children. Mrs. Williams, being feeble, was very soon exhausted with the march, and was dispatched by a blow from a tomahawk. Mr. Williams and his children remained in captivity nearly three years; after which they were redeemed, and returned to their old home, with the exception of one daughter, who had become so fascinated with the life of the Indians, that she chose to pass the remainder of her days with them, and took to herself a husband from among them.

One of her reputed descendants, the Rev. Eleazar Williams, missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, was for many years in the habit of visiting the home of his supposed ancestors and kins-

men. He sometimes preached in the church of the first parish. He was a man of courteous manners, though somewhat too self-complacent, — of portly figure, straight black hair, and, as we then thought, a complexion indicating his Indian lineage; but it was afterwards remarked, even by the incredulous, that his profile bore a strong resemblance to that of the Bourbon family. On his visit to Deerfield, in the summer of 1845, he wore the gold cross of the Legion of Honor, given him, as he said, by the Prince de Joinville while in this country. On a subsequent visit, his mind seemed to be filled with dreams of royalty. Judging from his conversation, he did, in all good faith, believe in the validity of his own title to the throne of France, as the lost Dauphin of the house of Bourbon, the son of Louis XVI. He related various circumstances, which, if true, gave plausibility to his claims of identity with that unfortunate boy; but, as those who were most acquainted with Mr. Williams had not unlimited confidence in his veracity, we were not certain how much was fact, nor how much should be set down as fiction. Many of these supposed proofs were published in "Putnam's Magazine;" and our quondam Indian acquaintance was lionized for the time in some New-York circles. He who knows all things has, since that time, taken Mr. Williams to that world, where, if he had been a faithful servant here, he has received a better inheritance than any earthly throne.

†

ONLY THE DEVIL.

In his "History of Rationalism in Europe," Lecky tells us that Martin Luther had become so familiar with the persuasion of the continual presence and agency of the Adversary, that, whenever he heard any sound during the night in the Castle of Wittenberg, he dropped asleep quietly as soon as he had satisfied himself that it was "*only the Devil.*" What would have been to most persons a huge persuasive to activity was to him a reason for quietness. He must have been of the opinion of the good man who said to his frightened children, "My sons, you will never see any thing worse than yourselves." Only keep out human burglars, and we need not fear any spectral mischief-makers. Luther was altogether right. It is natural, embodied evil, the tempters in flesh and

blood, the fine gentlemen perhaps, — which is the modern translation of the words “disguised as an angel of light,” — that we should dread. So long as it is “*only the Devil*” we can set about our business, whether it be sleeping or working, without fear.

E.

A CONSECRATION HYMN,

ON TAKING POSSESSION OF A NEW CHAMBER.

Nor in the costly fane alone
The God of grace has fixed his throne ;
But near the couch of virtuous rest,
By no sad thought of guilt distressed,
There dwells the heavenly Guest.

Oh, may my breast a worthy home
Of that immortal Power become !
When slumbers soft my senses steep,
That gracious eye its vigil keep,
That hand protect my sleep !

To this lone spot, my nightly home,
May that blessed Spirit ever come !
Diffuse around a heavenly light,
Illume the deepening shades of night,
And make each vision bright !

Here may no thought impure or vain
E'er come, the soul's white robes to stain !
But may my little chamber be
The home of peace and purity,
“The gate of heaven” to me !

†

“Christian discipline includeth not only all that man owes to man, and brother to natural brother, but all, moreover, which one son of God owes to another son of God, and one member of Christ to another member of Christ, — the whole scope and range, indeed, of Christian love, from washing a disciple's feet, to the laying-down of our lives for the brethren. It beareth to Christian love the same relation which law beareth to justice ; the one being the spirit, the other the outward form and expression of the spirit.”

UNINTENTIONAL INFLUENCE.

It is thought by many persons that we each carry with us a certain atmosphere, or a mesmeric influence, by which we affect others in various ways. However this may be, or however unconscious we may be of our own influence on those around us, we cannot be insensible to the different effects produced on ourselves by the various persons with whom we come in contact. There are those whom we sincerely respect, and with whose personal appearance, conversation, and manners, we can find no very definite fault; and yet we feel ourselves repulsed by an unpleasant *something*, which we cannot explain. So there are others who draw us to themselves by an indefinable charm.

One friend brings into our dwelling a glow, as of sunshine; while the influence of another is like the softer radiance of moonlight. One revives us like a sea-breeze after a sultry day; and yet, with another, this breeziness is carried to such an excess, that there is no more repose for us in that presence than in a gale of wind. One will so put his soul into a smile, or a warm grasp of the hand, that we shall be the happier from the memory of it for hours, or even days afterwards; but there are others, alas, poor souls! whose influence grates on the nerves like the creaking of a door, or a discord in music.

I recollect, years ago, attending morning prayers in an Episcopal Church, in one of the cities of a neighboring State, on New Year's Day. The service was an interesting one, and the greetings that followed were very pleasant, especially one from a lady, who, though we were unknown to each other even by name, gave me her cordial good wishes. On our way home, we met a person, also a stranger, the expression of whose face, in contrast with the scene we had left, chilled us like a blast from the polar regions. Was the man sensible of being out of harmony with the cheerful life around him?

I have sometimes compared the influence of certain friends to the varying perfumes of different plants or flowers. One excellent woman, not particularly pleasing in outward appearance, but gifted with abundance of practical wisdom and energy, and most true in the Christian discharge of difficult duties, was like the refreshing odor of some of the aromatic herbs. Another, a young lady, who combined with a good deal of personal beauty a mind of rare

loveliness and spirituality, reminded me of the ethereal fragrance of the heliotrope. Neither character could by any possibility be transformed into the other ; but each was excellent in its own place and way.

The question may rise, how far are we accountable for these subtle influences that go out from us? Undoubtedly there are some characteristics so inherent in our individual natures, that we cannot change them ; but over the voluntary manifestations of our varying moods, and even our permanent feelings, we should exercise control from Christian principle, as they affect, more or less, the comfort and happiness of those around us. †

POLITICAL REFORM AND SOCIAL REFORM.

THE English people — so the English correspondent of "The Nation" tells us — are just now so much interested in the endeavor to relieve the wretchedness of the very poor, that they are comparatively indifferent to the ballot question, and the like. We do not wonder that it is so, when the police of London are obliged to drive the lowest classes of street-women into the workhouses, to save them from freezing during the coldest winter weather. What a photograph of our times, to go down to posterity ! Was not Auguste Comte altogether right when he said, that to live a life of idleness, however elegant, is a sin in such a world as ours ? The God whom the philosopher could not find, and would not profess faith in, taught him this. He was a believer without knowing it. Let us be up and doing, — not careless of political matters, but zealous beyond all else in so raising the estate of the poor that Christianity shall be possible for them. E.

"Till the entering-in of faith, there is nothing present in the heart but nature, out of which cometh the fruits of nature, which are pride, impiety, self-idolatry, ostentation, malice, and such like : but, upon the entering-in of faith, there entereth along with it into the heart the light of divine knowledge, which converteth it from its idolatries to the service of the living and true God ; and from the love of self to the love of its neighbor as itself, and to the love of the brethren as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

FLOWERS IN THE PATHWAY.

A MOTHER placed flowers in the hand of her sleeping child, wishing that the eyes of the little girl, on waking, should rest on objects in which she took great delight. The father, whose life had been shaded by many trials and sorrows, but blessed by many steadfast friendships, — of which he often received kind tokens, — expressed the wish to his little daughter, on her awaking, that she might always find flowers in her pathway. She answered him, "The presents you receive from friends are flowers in your pathway." The child spoke wisely and well; for the sweetest flowers strewn by our wayside are those of mutual friendship and love. That life must lie through a desert land indeed which cannot gather some of them as it passes on.

Flowers by the pathway, — how thickly are they scattered by the hand of Infinite Love! We have read of some one who was in the habit of keeping a "Thank-book," in which he recorded the blessings he received. Perhaps this was a good expedient for leading the mind to dwell on the bright side of life; but since, to the grateful heart, every day and every hour is so laden with mercies, how would it be possible to keep an adequate record of them? Should each one attempt to do this, it might be said, with a less bold hyperbole than that of the Evangelist, that "the world itself would not contain the books that should be written."

There are some soils so barren, that to the careless observer they seem almost destitute of vegetation; but let him look more closely, and he will sometimes find the ground so thickly studded with tiny golden blossoms, that the foot cannot fall without resting on some of them. So is it with the common, yet inestimable, blessings of life. They are not equally apparent to all. The ear that is attuned to harmony, and the eye alive to beauty, will find sources of enjoyment where duller perceptions would see nothing to admire. We would cultivate the love of the beautiful, as giving new zest to life. The measured roar of ocean, the majesty of storm and tempest, the song of the birds, and the soft breathing of the wind, — that "voice of God in the trees," — each has its own peculiar melody, and plays its part in the grand orchestra of Nature. The myriad changing forms of beauty — from the grandeur and beauty of the heavens by day and night to the smallest

flower that is crushed beneath the foot — appeal, each in its own way, to what is purest in the soul of man; and, when to the beauty that meets the gaze of the mere worldly eye is added the visible presence, as it were, of the creating and indwelling God, all nature becomes a temple, in which the worshipper receives from day to day a fresh baptism of faith and love. The frosted window-pane, with its feathery stars or its mimic mountain-gorges and pines, proclaims that His forming hand has been busy while we slept; and each blade and flower, though less suddenly brought into being, is alike formed and unfolded by His quickening power.

Let us learn thus to discern his presence everywhere. Then will the wayside flowers bloom more brightly; and we shall find both nature and the events of our daily life so glorified by the thought, that we may exclaim, with him of old, "Whereas I was blind, now I see!" †

OLD REMEDY FOR HIGH PRICES.

WE find in the records of our Church the following entry. Is it not time that we should call a Church-meeting, and see what can be done in these days?

"The 26th day of the 9th month, 1639, being a day of *Publique Fast* for our Congregation, our brother, Mr. Robert Keayne, was admonisht by our Pastor, in the name of the Church, for selling his wares at Excessive Rates, to the dishonor of God's name, the Offence of the Generall Cort, and the Publique Scandall of the Cuntry."

Did it do any good?

On the seventh day of the third month, 1640, "Upon his penitentiall acknowledgmt thereof this day, & promise of further satisfaction to any that have just offence against him, He is now become Reconciled to the Church."

The prices went down, — at least for a time.

E.

"Works are but the hem of the garment of faith, which waves abroad to the liberal observation of men; but the soft and warm substance of the garment, which enwrappeth the tender frame of our own being, and protecteth it from inclement weather and rude wintry blasts, — that is faith."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

FRENCH papers announce that troops are being enrolled in France to take the place of the regular soldiers that will soon be withdrawn from Rome. They are designed to maintain by force the temporal power of the Pope. Under the name of *Roman Legion*, many French Catholics are entering this service; the garrison being at Antibes, near Nice, from which place they will be sent to Rome. The enrolment is for four years. A similar movement is expected in other Catholic countries.

An animated discussion has been carried on in Belgium on the question of the abolition of capital punishment. An association to effect this reform has for some time agitated the subject, by spreading before the public all the facts and arguments that bear upon it. When at length the question was taken up in the Belgium Senate, the Minister of Justice declared in favor of the measure, and gave it the effective support of his official position. At the final vote, however, there were but fifteen voices for the reform, to thirty-two against it; and so the subject is adjourned, to be agitated again at some future time.

THE suppression of the Rebellion in our country, the great questions of reconstruction that are now before the public mind here, and the magnificent future that dawns upon our prospects, continue to attract extraordinary attention on the continent of Europe, as is attested by the numerous books that are issued from the French and German presses on the history, growth, and prospects of the United States. They are nearly all in hearty commendation of our Government; and the justice of the war it carried on, the splendor of its triumphs, and the vastness of its resources and hopes, are subjects which find thousands of eager readers.

THE Reformed Church of France finds itself torn by two divergent and nearly equally divided tendencies; one towards a liberal, and the other towards an orthodox, interpretation of the gospel. The exclusion of Athanase Coquerell, jr., and of M. Paschoud, on account of their liberal opinions, has brought up the subject of the formal division of the Reformed Church into two separate bodies. It appears that at Nimes the liberal element is so much in the ascendant as to make the orthodox there as eager for a separation as is the liberal party in Paris. It is a renewal in

France of the discussion here half a century ago, which resulted in the division of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts.

Two new *Lives of Jesus* are advertised as soon to appear in Paris, one by M. l'Abbé Michon, from philological, topographic, and archæological materials carefully gathered in Palestine; and the other by M. de Pressensé, on the times, life, and work of Jesus Christ. Both are results of the awakened interest in this subject created by the works of Ernest Renan.

THE commission appointed by the Italian Government to select a route for a railway across the Alps, have agreed, almost with entire unanimity, to report in favor of the St. Gothard pass. Many travellers, who remember the charming ride on that zigzag ascent and descent, may hope for a more quick passage, though it can hardly be more pleasurable, by rail.

A FEW Roman-Catholic priests in Italy have availed themselves of their liberty to contract marriage, and it is expected that their example will ere long be followed by many. Some highly conscientious and sensitive persons have taken this step with a trepidation which reminds one of the anxiety with which the first Reformers partook of the Protestant communion; and we can only hope, that the former will find this holy sacrament as safe and as comforting as was found the latter.

PARIS papers announce that Renan's *Lives of the Apostles* will be published in that city near the end of the month of March. Its appearance is awaited with high expectations. It is said it will give that same air of fresh reality which marked the "Life of Jesus," and will have the additional interest of presenting an account, from his point of view, of the formation and early history of the Christian Church. While, in this country and in England, the destructive criticism of Renan has called forth many earnest protests, it seems that on the continent it has awakened the greatest interest by its positive statements and its devout spirit, and it is there regarded as eminently and profoundly religious. Repelled from some of its statements, we yet should be blind to the clearest evidence if we doubted that there are states of mind and stages of criticism to which Renan speaks with authority, and over which he must be exerting a conservative and devout influence. It is believed that the later tendencies of his mind are altogether in this last-named direction, and there are intimations that proofs of this will appear in the forthcoming work.